

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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NO. 24

TENER HAS THE CALL OF STATE G. O. P.

Charter Man Nominated for Governor at Harrisburg Yesterday.

WILL BE A STRONG CANDIDATE.

Reynolds for Lieutenant Governor, Wright for State Treasurer, Houch for Secretary of Internal Affairs in the Ticket—Walton was Made State Chairman.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 22.—(Special.)—The expected happened here today at the Republican State convention. The ticket previously decided upon by the party leaders went through without the slightest hitch. Here it is:

For Governor, John K. Tener, of Washington.

Lieutenant Governor, Congressman John Reynolds of Bedford.

State Treasurer, Charles Fred Wright of Susquehanna.

Secretary of Internal Affairs, Henry Houch of Lebanon.

The weather today was intensely hot and there was really nothing for the delegates to do but look wise and approve the slate, the proceedings were hurried along with dispatch.

The new State chairman is ex-Speaker Harry F. Walton of Philadelphia. He succeeds the late W. R. Andrews and had no opposition in his election.

The attendance of delegates was large and the ticket, while strictly a Penrose selection, seems to meet with general approval. Congressman Tener and his friends are greatly pleased with the outcome. And while Lieutenant Governor Murphy and his adherents feel disappointed, they announce that they will support the ticket. The resolutions boost President Taft very strongly.

The Text of the Platform.

The platform follows: "The Republicans of Pennsylvania, through their chosen representatives in convention assembled, heartily endorse and commend the administration of President William H. Taft, which, less than sixteen months old, is unique in its record of accomplishment. He has, in his own way, carried forward and developed the policies of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, while enforcing his own and those in favor of which the party has its national platform declared.

"With unwavering patience and gentleness of manner, but with great firmness of purpose, and unyielding declaration, he will, by the time the gavel falls at the close of the present session of congress, have succeeded in securing the enactment into law of more important recommendations than any other president has ever secured in so brief a time after his inauguration.

"Among this legislation may be mentioned the revision of the tariff, the bill for the more complete regulation and control of railroads; the establishment of postal savings banks; the creation of a bureau of mines; the punishment of the white slave traffic; the creation of a tariff board; the abolition of the immunity bath; the establishment of business methods in various government departments; legislation for the conservation of our natural resources; the creation of a commerce court; providing for the investigation of railway accidents and monthly reports of the same; important legislation amending and extending the laws requiring the use of safety appliances for common carriers; the passage through the house of a bill providing a complete constitution for the government of Porto Rico, and conferring citizenship, according to the promise of the party platform; and the addition of two stars to the flag.

"We also call especial attention to his prompt and effective intervention to prevent the arbitrary increase of railway rates; his investigation of the dealing in stocks, the prosecution of the perpetrators of the so-called sugar frauds upon the government, and the indictment of those engaged in unlawfully cornering and artificially advancing the price of cotton and necessarily of cotton goods which enter to so large an extent into the expense of every American family.

"We believe that the tariff bill recently enacted is in accord with the Republican policy expressed in its last national platform, to preserve, without excessive duties, the market against foreign competition to which advertising.

American manufacturers, farmers and producers are entitled, but also to maintain the high standard of living of the wage earners of this country, who are the most direct beneficiaries of the protective system.

"Since the passage of that bill the wages of employees in this country have been increased over five hundred millions of dollars per annum. In a few instances the tariff on luxuries was increased but on other articles the revision was downward. No increase in the price of common necessities of life can honestly be attributed to the tariff for the duties on them were not raised.

"We agree with President Taft that it is the best tariff bill the Republican party has ever passed."

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

Stanley Bright Unanimously Elected to Succeed T. T. Allen.

At a meeting of the Smethport school directors held last Thursday afternoon Stanley Bright, who is at present located at New Castle, Pa., was unanimously elected principal of the Smethport schools for the ensuing year.

Mr. Bright is a young man who promises to keep up the high standard of our schools that has been maintained by his predecessors for several years past. He was a graduate of Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., in 1907, being absolutely at the head of his class and receiving the honorary degree of Phi Phi Beta Kappa, and this year he takes the degree of A. M. at that institution. He was assistant principal of the Reynoldsville schools one term and for the past two years he has been instructor of the Latin and English classes of the New Castle high school.

During this month Mr. Bright takes a bride and we understand they will take up their residence in Smethport in the near future. The people of Smethport welcome them here.

T. T. Allen and family left last Saturday for their new home in Franklin, Pa., where Mr. Allen has accepted a position in the schools. Mr. Allen will go to Chicago for several weeks where he will attend summer school and Mrs. Allen will spend the time visiting friends and relatives at her former home.

During their stay in this place Mr. and Mrs. Allen have made many firm friends who deeply regret that they have left our midst, but wish them the best of success and true happiness in the future.

THE CUTLERY SITUATION.

Nothing Has Been Developed as Yet.

Concern May Move.

Nothing has developed as yet in the cutlery situation in this borough. The Case Brothers have as yet taken no action following the destruction of their Smethport plant by fire a week ago last Friday night.

The cut glass factory building on Water street has been offered to the cutlery people, and it is understood that this model factory structure can be purchased for \$40,000. Several meetings have been held between the owners of the cutlery and cut glass plants, but as yet they have resulted in nothing definite.

The Case Brothers have received a number of inducements to locate from surrounding towns and if a move is made it is reported that Case will be the place to secure the industry as that town has made a tempting proposal to the management.

There is a considerable sentiment that the plant will not be moved at all and it is to be hoped that this may be the case as this industry is one that Smethport can ill afford to lose.

Many of the workmen employed at the plant have accepted positions elsewhere but a number are still in Smethport.

It is said that the Case Co. will stay in this place if \$2,000 is raised by the town towards paying the purchase price, and it is understood that an effort will be made to secure the amount. If this plan is purchased the cutlery company will buy the building and machinery, which will bring the purchase price up to \$8,000.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 18, 1910:

Henry, Mrs. Joseph.

Lyons, G. W.

McCann, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick.

Reese, Dr. Jack.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, keepsake.

THIS YEAR'S M'KEAN COUNTY FAIR & RACES.

To Be Held in This Borough September 6, 7, 8 & 9.

MANY NEW AND NOVEL FEATURES.

Nebraska Bill's Wild West Secured as Big Free Attraction—Entries and Exhibits Will Be Greater and the Midway Will Be the "Biggest Yet"—Management Is Sparring No Expense.

"Nebraska Bill's" Wild West Shows will be one of the big attractions at the McKean County Fair and Races in September. This company carries 25 people and about the same number of horses. We have been reliably informed that he is in no way connected with the well-known Nebraska Bill who has been ring master in the Democratic circus for the past decade.

Nevertheless the aggregation some highly recommend and the engagement will mean a considerable expenditure of money. The company which is composed of some first-class cowboys and cowgirls, includes a number of Indians, and free performances will be given each day of the fair in front of the grand stand. This feature cannot fail to be a great drawing card. The performance will include feats of horsemanship, marksmanship, rope spinning, and other well known wild west show stunts. Every member of the company is said to be an artist in his or her respective line.

The work of booming the 6th Annual McKean County Fair and Races is now being taken up in earnest. More and better race entries are promised while the midway will be the largest yet and will be composed of some high class attractions. It is the intention to make the agricultural and stock exhibit this year a big one. Many new and novel features are being contemplated and no expense is being spared by the management.

Secretary Guy McCoy is on the job every minute working out the details for this year's meet. The premium list will be published and distributed next month and will be a complete book.

The Firemen's Day at the fair, which was such a big feature last year will be a hummer this year. On this day the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association meets in this borough. This organization which is composed of fourteen fire companies was organized last summer. The first gathering was held at the fair last fall and was a huge success. This year there will be more time to devote and the day will be one to be remembered. It is expected that several hundred firemen will be in town and it is understood that invitations will be extended to fire companies in surrounding towns, which are not members of the Association, to be present. The daylight and evening up-town parades which were such a pleasing feature last year, will be repeated on a larger scale, while the firemen's field day athletic sports at the fair grounds promise to be some very interesting events. Attractive prizes will be offered. The dates for this year's fair are Sept. 6, 7, 8 & 9.

FROM YEARS GONE BY.

A Bingham Lady Preserved an Ancient Lure of the Miner.

On Monday a letter and package from Mrs. Annie Barry of Bingham were received at this office. The package contained an issue of The Miner dated March 23, 1907. The paper has been preserved for many years by the owner and excellently preserved it is.

The paper was issued at the time the late Lucius Rogers was editor of The Miner. The copy is an interesting one, being published during the reconstruction period after the Civil war. Its columns are devoted principally to editorial writings, and as a whole the paper does not present the antique appearance that would naturally be supposed of a publication of its date. The paper contains 14 columns of advertisements, which are novel in tone and appearance.

Mrs. Barry stated in the letter which accompanied the paper that she has always been a reader of The Miner and tendered the editor this interesting issue which she has so carefully preserved. The generosity of Mrs. Barry is greatly appreciated by the recipient of this valuable keepsake.

BUILDING FISH HATCHERY.

F. D. Gallup of Smethport and M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett Have Model Site on Daily Brook.

F. D. Gallup, Esq., of this borough and M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett are building a fish hatchery on Daily Brook near this borough, which will be a model one in every respect. These two gentlemen built a hatchery at the headwaters of Potato creek last summer, but the advantages of the Daily Brook site over the former one were so manifold that it was decided to move.

The new hatchery is located near Daily Brook Lodge about three miles from Smethport. The sides of the brook, which in former years was one of the most famous trout streams in this section of the country, are being banked up to prevent the water from overflowing and six small and two large ponds are being built, while two buildings are being erected. The walls of the ponds are being constructed of concrete and they are perfectly arranged. The buildings include a house, in which the caretaker of the hatchery will reside, and a large shed. Alfred Kidder of this borough has the contract for the erection of the structures. A large force of men is engaged in the work and fine progress is being made.

A large tract of timber land has been secured about the site for a water shed and the ponds will be largely stocked. This will undoubtedly be a lucrative venture for the gentlemen interested as they are not stopping for expense and as a result will have one of the largest and best equipped fish hatcheries in this section of the State.

FIRE SHOT IN THEATRIUM.

An Eldred Glass Worker Created Sensation—Was Arrested Later.

The audience attending the Theatre at Eldred last Saturday night was thrown into well-nigh a panic when Julius Dumariter, a Belgian glass worker, rushed into the place and commenced to shoot off a big revolver. When the smoke died away and the people had become quiet, it was found that no one was killed and no one was even injured.

It appears that Dumariter had trouble at his boarding house, where he owed a board bill of \$25. The people of the house, mostly Belgians, insisted upon the payment of the obligation before he could have his trunk. A row ensued and Dumariter was chased from his boarding house down town where he purchased a revolver. He took refuge in the Theatre and was closely followed by the other Belgians. Once inside, Dumariter fired one shot at his pursuers.

People in the show place were badly frightened and the women screamed. A shot from the revolver had the desired effect on the men who were after Dumariter and they retreated.

Word was at once sent to this place, notifying County Detective Jones of the affair and he immediately started in a rig for the scene. It was learned that the man wanted had left Eldred on foot and had started in the direction of this place. On reaching Coryville Mr. Jones learned that a man, answering the description of Dumariter had passed through that place, being headed in this direction. After continuing the search of the highway the officer was unable to locate his man and returned to Smethport.

While driving up Main street he was informed by a messenger that a telephone message had just been received at the Bell telephone exchange from the Smethport chemical Co.'s plant at East Smethport, asking that an officer be sent to that factory at once. Mr. Jones, secured Officer McCarthy and the two drove to the scene where they found Dumariter taking a snooze, with his revolver placed under his head for a pillow. He had come from Coryville to Smethport over the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad, which accounted for him eluding the county detective in the first place.

The man was brought up town and lodged in the county jail. His clothing was spattered with blood, as a result of having been knocked down by one of his pursuers in the theatre and which provoked him to fire the shot. It was found that there was one empty shell in the chamber of the man's revolver.

It appears that Dumariter is not of sound mentality and on a previous occasion the county authorities were summoned to Eldred to take him in charge, on account of his peculiar actions.

The prisoner was taken to Eldred Monday, where he was given a hearing which resulted in his being discharged.

22ND ANNUAL BANQUET AND BALL OF ALUMNI.

Graduates of Smethport High School Met Tuesday Evening.

"A DELIGHTFUL TIME WAS HAD."

Covers Laid for Eighty Guests—Dancing Enjoyed Until a Late Hour.

The twenty-second Annual Banquet and Ball of the Alumni of the Smethport High School was held at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening.

Covers were laid for eighty people and shortly after 7:30 o'clock the jolly party seated themselves around the festive board, and thoroughly enjoyed the delicacies set before them. The banquet was prepared by Miss Mill-cent Pattison and the repast added new laurels to her long list of successful catering.

After the inner man (and woman) was satisfied, Fred D. Gallup, who was toastmaster on this occasion, arose, cleared his throat and in his own inimitable style called upon several of the members and guests to several of our popular candidates for Assembly and ex-school director delivered a short address in a most pleasing manner. W. F. Specht, another of the directors, followed with a few remarks, as also did Fred Specht and Guy H. McCoy and others, all of which were well received.

When the tables were cleared away the balance of the evening and far into the night was spent in tripping the light fantastic to the pleasing strains of Chadwick's orchestra. At about 2 o'clock in the morning the merry party broke up and all were of the opinion that the Twenty-second Annual Banquet and Ball of the Alumni of Smethport High School was a great success.

AN ELUSIVE BOY.

Kleith, Dalrymple, Was Found and Lost Himself Again.

Kleith Dalrymple, the 17-year-old son of the late E. P. Dalrymple of Port Allegany who was located at Aurora, Ill., he being under arrest there, has again disappeared, and thus far no trace of him has been found.

The boy had been arrested on a charge of breaking into cars and when his identity was learned by the officers they wired the intelligence to his friends in Port Allegany. Further information was wired for but in the meantime the boy had broken jail and again disappeared, or at least that is the information conveyed by postal cards to Sheriff Morrison and Detective Jones, which offered a reward of \$25 for his apprehension. The postal cards also stated that he was wanted for car-breaking and burglary, and gave a description of the boy.

In speaking of his disappearance the Port Allegany Reporter says: Three or four years ago he went with a friend to a Kansas town on a pleasure trip. They stopped at a leading hotel, roomed together. The older man arose early in the morning to meet an acquaintance in a matter of business and left young Kleith quietly sleeping in bed. Returning, he went to the room to call Kleith for breakfast, but the room was empty. Not a breath was ever heard from him until last Monday. It is thought that he has been hobnobbing for tramping. He owns one-half of the big Arnold and Dalrymple estates in Port Allegany, probably worth two hundred thousand dollars. He was, seventeen years of age in February, the Reporter records showing that he was born on the 21st.

Attention Automobile Owners of Smethport.

The Fourth of July Celebration committee desires in this way to ask your co-operation in the matter of the automobile parade for the Fourth. This parade will form at 9 a. m. sharp on upper Main street, right resting on Water street near Marvin, and will move over the main streets of the town conveying children bearing flags. Will you, not sent or have your auto ready to join it? Machines need not be decorated. I wish every automobile owner would confer with me on this subject as soon as possible.

M. S. GEARY, Chairman.

HARGOOD RE-ELECTED.

Meeting of Republican County Committee on Saturday.

The Republican County committee held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the St. James hotel, Bradford, Saturday afternoon. But one district in the county was without a representative at the assemblage.

County Chairman Hargood presided and George Patton officiated at secretary. Mr. Hargood was re-elected for another year. It was also voted that the county chairman act as treasurer of the county committee and be authorized to select a secretary.

Chairman Hargood delivered a brief address, thanking the delegates for their support and assuring them all that he would put forth his best endeavors to bring about the election of the entire Republican ticket in November.

The chairman named the following as a committee on resolutions: C. M. Slack of Eldred; J. W. Steinhauer of Sergeant township; and H. H. Adair of Bradford.

As an executive committee Mr. Hargood named the following: James A. Connolly of Hamilton township; Dr. Colcord of Port Allegany; Frank Potter of Kane; C. F. Hunt of Otto township; and J. C. Greenwald of Bradford city.

While the committee on resolutions and the executive committee were retired, Candidates H. H. Redfield and Samuel E. Bell both expressed their appreciation of the work done in their behalf in the various districts during the primary campaign, and pledged their allegiance to the Republican party and to the support of the entire ticket.

Charles Patton of Curwensville, sent regrets for non-attendance, owing to illness. He promised a visit to McKean county at a later date.

The Resolutions.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Bradford, Pa., June 18.

Resolved, That the following declarations be adopted by the McKean County Republican committee assembled this day:

We are in complete harmony with the principles of the Republican party as outlined in the platform adopted by the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1908, and by the Republican State convention at Harrisburg in 1909. Despite the attempts made to embarrass and obstruct the administration of President Taft, our noble president has been unflinching in his effort to make good every pre-election promise of our party. Under his deliberate and wise guidance the work of his illustrious predecessor has been continued in the best of good faith and with all reasonable success. Unlawful trusts and combinations in restraint of trade have been, and are now being curbed and punished; graft and special privileges uprooted; our natural resources conserved; and all lawful business and the rights of labor protected. By reason of the assuring confidence reposed in the sagacious judicial mind of President Taft, throughout the length and breadth of our country manufactures are in steady operation; furnaces are in full blast; and labor is generally employed at increased and increasing compensation.

Taft Endorsed.

We therefore deem it an especial honor to endorse unqualifiedly the administration of President William H. Taft for the substantial good it has already accomplished and for the certain promise it inspires of further high attainments for the general welfare and prosperity of our country.

It is particularly gratifying to us that in the cabinet of President Taft is a Pennsylvanian who is contributing to the lasting glory of the present administration, and hence we pause to congratulate Hon. Philander C. Knox, secretary of state, for the beneficent work he has been doing in arranging for an international court of arbitration before which the disputes and differences between nations may be settled and the dire, awful results of wars avoided.

We most cordially endorse the efficient and entirely satisfactory services rendered by our senators in congress, Hon. Boies Penrose and Hon. George T. Oliver, and by our representative in congress, Hon. Charles F. Barclay.

We commend unreservedly the administration of Governor Edwin S. Stuart, whose fidelity to duty and republican principles merits the highest praise.

Baldwin and McKean.

We also commend the satisfactory services of State Senator Frank A.

(Continued on Page 4.)

SYLVIA'S FOURTH.

A Celebration Funnier Than the Circus at Terryberg.

WHEN Ralph proposed the seventh time I decided to take a day off in the little country town where I was not born and think it all over among the birds and flowers. There I should come to a final decision.

He grinned when I told him—I did not reveal the name of my destination for obvious reasons—and retorted, "All right, think it over as much as you like, but remember if your decision doesn't suit me, I shall not accept it."

That's the way with Ralph. He ought to have been on his knees begging me to make it favorable, but he isn't that kind. He always stands so straight he fairly bends backward and laughs when he should appear distressed. Ralph is not an ideal lover, as I once bluntly told him.

He merely remarked grimly—it was on the occasion of his third proposal—"If you have a lover more ideal than I, and I'll go out and pinch his head!" Then he laughed.

He isn't bad looking, anyway, and every one praises him until I get tired of hearing it—"A rattling good fellow!" (that from my brother), "Plenty of sand" (that's father's verdict), "Such a dear boy around the house" (of course, that's mother), and so on, until I was really afraid I should get to taking others' opinions and not thoughtfully formulate one of my own. This was the reason I decided to spend independence day at Terryberg alone.

I glanced back, as near as two months, and we left before I was six, so I had not a lively recollection of the place. Father often says it's too dead to be remembered; therefore I decided it would be just the place to set one's thoughts in array. Certainly there's no such opportunity at home. It's "Syl, sew on this button in a hurry," and "Oh, Syl, make a fourth at tennis, won't you?" or "Syl, where did I put my arithmetic?" and "Syl, Syl, Syl!" from morning until night.

So the afternoon of the 3d saw me isolated, far from home and mother—and Ralph—and serving as a worthy object for the curiosity of the villagers until the arrival of the circus and the elephant. Early in the night of the 3d, even earlier than the circus, farmers began to drive in for miles around, and the girl who had sought solitude was in the vortex of a circus mad rural community, bent on seeing the elephant and creating a famine of red lemonade and a shortage in the peanut market. Wouldn't Ralph have chuckled? But he would never know. I flattered myself.

I rose early on the morning of the Fourth, before the sleepy village was awake, and wandered far into the woods to be alone with my thoughts. How was I to know that the patient old elephant, tired of hauling loads and bawling perhaps the same as I did, had started for the identical patch of woods?

The day was ideal. Sitting on the banks of a pretty little trout stream I could hear in the distance the village cannon's dim roar and other noises of the town's celebration and the circus people's elephant heat. But I was oblivious to everything. The sun was slowly crawling over the horizon, and my decision was not yet made.

"It would be just like Ralph to creep up behind me and scare me half to death, only he's a hundred miles away." I was thinking to myself when I heard a stealthy and steady step in the grass behind me.

I glanced back, screamed and fell into the water face downward. What would have happened hadn't a party of circus people come up just then I do not know. The intrepid man pulled me out by the heels and laid me on the grass, under the very trunk of the paternal old elephant, the cause of my fright—who stood calmly by, blinking his astonishment at all the excitement. My nose was scratched and sore and my hair was soaked and matted with mud. Oh, I knew without looking at my foot that I was in a full crisis sight. The female band leader came to the scene. She was properly alarmed. She sent the clown of an her white horse for a doctor. She led me to the sunny bank, took off my dress, wiped off my face and changed me in the snake charmer's spangled robe, wrapped twice around me, and then went off with the rest of the party to find some kind of a vehicle in which to get me back to the village.

So there I sat behind a clump of bushes on a rock, my bare arms bound fast inside the robe, my hair drizzling sand and water over my face and down my neck, my eyelids red and the

tears chasing down my cheeks or maddening over my poor maddened nose, looking at my ruined brilliant suit spread out to dry.

I was just wondering how I'd ever get back to town that night—I was bound to go that night—when without any warning there was Ralph standing in front of me, looking me over with the gravest expression I had ever seen on his face.

Oh, it was a mean rank movement, but it was not Ralph's fault. He had gone to spend the Fourth at his father's, thirty miles away, and had driven over with the family to see the circus.

"So this is what comes of going away to think," he said, half to himself.

I begged him to turn his back and look at the stream—such a pretty stream, but oh, so wet! I was almost hysterical myself, but he never smiled. If he had—Well, when I remember the convulsions into which the circus people had gone over my appearance I considered it delicately thoughtful of Ralph not to laugh—superhumanly thoughtful.

Instead of smiling he came a step nearer, and I began to free my arms and then remembered I couldn't. "It strikes me," he said soberly, "that the mermaid act isn't conducive to health thus early in the morning. Aren't you pretty wet?"

Then I broke down. "Oh, Ralph," I began, "I'm awfully wet and not 'pretty' at all! Boohoo!"

Then he put his arms around me just as though I had announced a favorable decision and said with such comforting heartiness, "Syl, I never saw you when you weren't pretty enough to suit me all right!"

Before we went back home that evening—I in borrowed clothes—Ralph bought the elephant a bushel of peanuts—Williams Barrett.

National Songs Faw.

The national songs of America are not numerous, and few of them are very inspiring. The struggle for independence, produced little poetry that is remembered, and with the exception of "Yankee Doodle," which was an adaptation of an old tune whose history is obscure, nothing that ranks as a popular song. "Hail, Columbia," came after the war and the formation of the constitution and was really a party song. The "Star Spangled Banner" belongs to a later period altogether. Yet the advocates of independence were not indifferent to the value of poetic appeals, and it was not their fault if their good intentions were not sustained by any very lively inspiration.

Fourth of July Assortment.

1. "The Runaway Horse." Good local piece. Can be used anywhere. Smashup at the end very striking.

2. "The Lost Finger." Very humorous. Makes a loud, screaming noise.

3. "The Fire Department." Highly recommended. An engine goes out, scattering sparks, then a hook and ladder, and finally a hose cart. Mr. Rat himself says, "I like this piece better than any other in my assortment."

4. "The Fire Department" being out, the performance ends with the most beautiful piece of all, "The Barn." The blaze illumines the whole sky and causes intense excitement.

References—Any police station or insurance company in the nation—Life.

The Saddest of All.

"There are many sad things in this vale of tears," remarked Uncle Joshua, the genial, "but of all the sad things that can be recorded by tongue or pen the saddest is this—to wit, namely, viz, the boy whose dad has given him a quarter to buy firecrackers with on the 3d of July and who has spent the two bits that night for candy and peanuts, devoured the same and then goes out on the glorious Fourth to meet the gang."

THE HAPPY FOURTH.

We're going on a picnic! We're going to celebrate! We've got the nicest lunch done up And the fishing rod and bait.

There won't be any rockets! No—any-bangin' noise! But there'll be the great big out of doors That's made for girls and boys.

Oh, instead of din and banging That make you think of wars, We'd rather have a picnic In the happy out of doors!

We're going on a picnic, Where the woods are cool and green, And the only crackers that we've got Have got some jam between.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Pottery and Secrecy.

In the royal manufactory of pottery at Meissen, Saxony, the work was formerly carried on with the strictest secrecy to prevent the processes from becoming known elsewhere. The establishment was a complete fortress, the portals of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being permitted to enter for any purpose whatever. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month in the superior officers' employ.

While the workmen had constantly before their eyes in large letters the warning motto, "Be Secret Unto Death," it was well known that any person divulging the process would be imprisoned for life in the castle of Koenigsstein. Even the king himself when he took strangers of distinction to visit the works was enjoined to secrecy. One of the workmen, however, escaped and assisted in establishing a manufactory in Vienna, from which the secrets spread all over Germany.

Har Diamond Necklaces.

Brown is a very careful man. He's superlatively careful. So careful is he that he has insured his insurance money.

Now, Brown has a wife. Wives have to be given birthday presents, and on his wife's first birthday after their marriage he gave her a beautiful diamond necklace. This was not as reckless as you might think, for each stone on the necklace represented a year of Mrs. Brown's life, and he let every one know that. And he arranged to give Mrs. Brown a new diamond each birthday. And he let the neighbors know that too.

He has just missed giving his wife a birthday present for the ninth successive year.

As to when greed will conquer pride and his wife will ask for another birthday present, we shall have to wait and see.—Pearson's.

The Salt Charm Failed.

Some three years before the Franco-German war broke out Count Seckendorff accompanied King William I. on his visit to Napoleon III. and was present at the celebrated dinner given in the Pavillon de Diane at Fontainebleau. King William, who was sitting next the empress, was asked by her to pass the salt, and in complying with this request he threw a little salt over his shoulder. Upon the empress exclaiming, "Why do you do that?" the king explained that in his country it was the custom to do so when passing the salt to ward off bad luck and any chance of a quarrel. The empress in a pretty turned speech at once replied, "But surely there is no danger of anything interfering with our friendship." In less than three years the Germans had crossed the Rhine.—London Spectator.

Why Not Pass the Plate?

They ought to pass the plate at church weddings. It comes natural to do it in church, and to do so would add a pretty and useful employment to the duties of the ushers, who always have a little spare time before the bride arrives. And, really, getting married is more expensive than ever, and though wedding presents are excellent in their way, what the young people usually need the most is cash. Instead of the list of gifts which the newspapers sometimes print we should read, "The collection yielded \$1,000,000." That would be nice. It is much easier to store and care for money than plate and glass. And money always fits and there is no such thing as an embarrassing duplication of dollars.—Life.

He Saved the Patent Office.

When in the war of 1812 the British, who had taken Washington, trained their guns upon the patent office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the patent office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it.

The Harm of Damp Houses.

It is dangerous to health and even to life in a damp, moldy house or one built over a moldy cellar. Many years ago the London Lancet in an article on diphtheria traced the disease in certain cases to the presence of certain molds and fungoid growths which seemed to be breathed into the throat. Remember, one of the best disinfectants is lime. Moldy clothes, such as shoes and other articles that are unfit for use, should be destroyed at once.

Why He Applauded.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung a song in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young man frankly, "but I am extremely fond of the musician."

Out of Her Reach.

"Does your heart ever reach out for the unattainable?"

"No, but my hands do when my husband is not at home. There are three buttons at the back of my gown that I can't reach."

More Appropriate.

"I teach my parrot only short words."

"Do you? Now, I should think that parrots were better adapted to learning polysyllables."

QUEEN SAAV'S READY WIT.

A Story Appropriated From the Annals of Irish Royalty.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. "Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his queen or look her in the face and speak to her—and what he came to say to her then was that she was a shame and a disgrace to him, but sure what could he expect anyhow when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of beggars. 'Get up,' says he, 'and dress yourself, and leave my sight and my castle for evermore.'"

"Very well and good, me lord," says Saav, says she. "I'm ready. I was prepared for this, as you'll remember, before ever I married you; but," says she, "you remember your agreement—three back burdens of the greatest value I choose to carry out of your castle at my lady's."

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like. 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you.'"

"Thanky, me lord," says she, "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back burden you choose?" says he.

"A back burden," says she, "of gold, silver, diamonds and jewelry."

In a short time the king had a burden of them piled on her that near almost broke her back, and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she told it down and came back in again says the king, says he, "What will your second back burden be?"

"For my second back burden," says she, "holist up on me our baby boy."

The king gave a groan that'd rent rocks. But he wasn't the man to be daunted before any woman. He lifted with his own hands the boy in whom his heart was wrapped up and, settin' his teeth hard, put him on Saav's shoulders. She carried him out over the drawbridge.

When she came back again says Colm, says he, "Now then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you forever, thank God!"

"Says Saav, says she, 'Get on me back yourself.'"

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived ever after the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew, a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the witless, as her husband lived ever after and died the justest and most generous, most reasonable, sensible, affable and amiable king that Ireland ever knew.—Everybody's Magazine.

Whistler Let Them Wait.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London and who felt that it was most impolitic for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said to him at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a-one. Don't you think you'd better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop? when everything is going beautifully? Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they can't do anything until I get there! They never do!"

If Jupiter Were Inhabited.

Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely, according to the basis of reckoning. According to those based upon the attraction of gravity, Jupiter should be peopled by pygmies of twenty-eight inches. Volcanus, on the other hand, argued that Goliath himself would be accounted decidedly undersized upon that planet. He worked from the feebleness of the sun's light there, which would demand that the pupil of the eye should be much more dilatant. Since the pupil stands in a constant proportion to the pall of the eye and that to the entire body, said Volcanus, a little calculation shows that an average Jovian must be nearly thirteen feet seven inches tall—not quite four inches shorter than Og, king of Bashan, according to the measure of his bedstead given in Deuteronomy.

A Bright Blacksmith.

The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the wheels with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.—Shop Notes Quarterly.

Winding Up His Affairs.

"Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

"You had a feud with Jim Wombat, didn't ye?"

"I did, but Jim's dead."

"I'm his executor."—Kansas City Journal.

Like the Moon.

"He's a star after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"A star? He's a moon."

"How?"

"The fuller the brighter."—Cleveland Leader.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.—National Magazine.

Diamonds Under Water.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye.

Consistent Theory.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house and should have the final say?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"

"Because my wife won't let me."—Exchange.

Well Trained.

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Mackman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not at all. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grownup daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.

Reckless.

"Aw, come on!" the little boy was heard to remark. "Be a sport. I'll bet per any amount of money up to 5 cents."—Harper's.

True Happiness.

About the happiest man in the world should be he that, having a tad, is able to make a living at it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

All Things Come.

The maguote looked up impatiently from his work.

"Well, my good man," he snarled at the diffident rural person who stood twirling his rusty hat, "what can I do for you?"

"I guess ye don't remember me, Hank," faltered the caller. "But you can use ter go swimmin' together in th' ol' town. T'gen you got a job in th' back-s' I got a job in th' grocery store."

"This is all very interesting, and I seem to remember your face, but come to the point—my time is valuable."

"Yes, Hank. You got a better offer and left the old village. I stayed plugging along in th' grocery store."

"Well, well?"

"Well, Hank, when you left you owed \$73.02 on a grocery bill. Here's where you pay up!"—Cleveland Leader.

Perfumes in Ancient Days.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans revelled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of Falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers after the battle of Qirra refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses, while at the reign of Rhaia the whole surface of the Læria lake was strewn with flowers.

Making a Lawn.

On his English tour an American was admiring the velvet smoothness of a certain sward, and, being possessed of mind and an over-weening confidence that with money all things are possible, he asked the lord how he did now to produce such a lawn.

"You the earl?" said "It's easy enough, sir. All you need do is to remove all the stones, pour up the ground, plant it with grass seed, and roll it for 300 years."

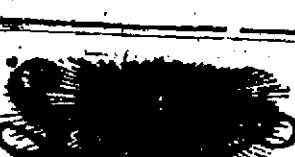
Our Friends.

"If we chance our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence and even after death, in the number of memory."—Chambers.

Couldn't Talk.

De Styles, you say that loving pair of deaf mutes were sitting in the 'box' and didn't carry on a conversation? Guiltless. They couldn't, for they were holding hands. New York Press.

I never knew an olive-brown man working; prudent man, variety of earnings and strictly honest with no complaint of bad luck. Addison.



BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 440.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

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Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comer, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging, Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

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FRESH and SALT.

FISH
Groceries

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The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies. Age 21—\$29.84 per thousand. Age 35—\$38.34 per thousand. Age 50—\$56.17 per thousand. Ask for rates and guaranteed values. The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"

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SMETHPORT PENNA

ANTIACHE

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Cures Headache In a Flash

No matter what the cause—over work, worry, nervousness, etc.—it cures you in minutes. At all drug stores, 10c & 25c. Wayne Chemical Co., Clinton, Pa.

THE QUALITY OF THE FEED

has very much to do with the quality of the horse. Feed him properly and he will show it, as by purchasing your horse feed at F. A. GREEN'S you will get it absolutely fresh, and absolutely clean, as must and mildew, or seeds of injurious weed mixed with the feed will surely injure the horse.

F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

Go to Brasted's For CUT

FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.



Despair and Despondency

No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured constantly repeat the same story of long continued suffering.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

**IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG,
SICK WOMEN WELL.**

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing to urge upon you as "just as good."

It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures.

Ask Your Neighbors. They probably know of some of its many cures.

If you want a book that tells all about women's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps. Add—Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

As ever, headquarters for everything of the kind.

Standard Jewelry.—If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete. Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

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COUNTY MINER**

\$1.00 per year in advance.

The Big Store.



THE BARE FACT

that your ice cream has been made in a Lightning freezer insures smoothness and a delightful consistency to this popular refreshment. A child can turn the Lightning freezer with as good results as if it was turned by a man. You can have ice, ice cream and all kinds of frozen dainties at small cost when you get a Lightning freezer from

W. B. MEANS.

A BRAVE GIRL

Has Terrible Experiences While on a Smuggling Expedition.

This tale of heroism displayed by a young woman engaged in smuggling contraband goods over the Swiss-Italian border comes from Geneva. "Mlle. Pofetti, aged eighteen, and her brother, aged twenty-three, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisio pass carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm and were soon in deep snow. The Pofetti roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Pofetti fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister. The girl, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

"Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian, found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries to the head, and his body was frozen.

"The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Pofetti family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

"A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued."—Chicago News.

MISERY AIDING MISERY.

The Helping Hand Among the Beach Combers of Marseilles.

Harry A. Frank in "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" writes of the trying times when he was a beach comber in Marseilles. "Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my hook to the mont du pieté (pawnshop) just off the sailors' square. Among the beach combers there were daily some who gained a few francs by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment or by 'grafting' pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting, yet this first thought was not to gorge himself, but to share his fortune with his companions under hatches. In those bleak November days many a man ranked a 'worthless outcast' by his more fortunate fellow beings toiled all day at the coal wharfs of Marseilles and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gelu to divide his earnings with other famished miscreants whom he had not known a week before.

"More than one man sold his only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their benefactions. They expected none and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded hand grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation.

"In a dirty alley just off the place was an inn kept by a Greek in which one could sleep on the floor at 3 sous or in a cot at 6, and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three son lots as they made their way toward 'L'Anberge chez le Grec.'"

Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, but also before Newton had announced his results to any one arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation. —Dr. G. F. Becker in Science.

Tommy Know.

Teacher addressing class—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children, and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a philanthropist.

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A clutch!"

shouted Tommy. Exchange.

The Cure.

Ho—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

She—Do you call there often?

He—No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help.

She—Call oftener.

What Did He Mean?

Mrs. Bonham—Death is the debt we owe to nature. He said—Nature does not send out her bills often enough. —New York Press.

A Mistaken Sign of Generosity.

The young son of a Germantown man who lives up to every cent of his income heard a compliment for his father the other day, and passed it on, thinking to please the parental heart and win future favors perhaps from the parental purse.

"Heard something nice about you, dad," he announced over the dinner table.

"Ah, that's pleasant!" murmured father modestly.

"Heard you was awful good to mother," went on the boy.

"I hope I treat my mother as a man should treat the person he cares most for," responded father evenly.

"Heard you were so generous to her that every one in town knew about it. Heard a man say every one was talking about it too. He said everything you had was in your wife's name."

The father's countenance underwent a sudden change. He spluttered for a moment painfully. Then he spoke.

"You go to bed!" said papa.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pays Him to Stay Home.

A weak sick man proudly exhibited the lock of her front door to the afternoon caller. It was an intricate looking affair, resembling a gum machine more than it did a door latch.

"You turn this," explained the woman, pointing to a tiny knob inside the door, "and you have fixed the bolt so it can't be shot back with the key. To release the tumbler you've got to drop a coin in the slot outside. The only piece of money that will fit is a five dollar gold piece. The idea is my own. A locksmith downtown worked out the mechanism, part of it for me. Every night at 10:30 I adjust the coin attachment. If my husband is out after that hour it costs him \$5 to get in. He stays home evenings, as a rule."—New York Sun.

Money No Object.

"I don't care anything about it myself, for I'm no judge of such things," said Mr. Gaswell, "but my wife wants me to buy a rare old violin, and she says they come high. Got any?"

"We certainly have," responded the dealer. "Here's one in this showcase, genuine Stradivarius, that you can have for \$2,000."

"She said she thought they came higher than that. Haven't you some that are a little—er—stradivariousser than this one?"—Chicago Tribune.

Another Simile.

"What did the sun look like to you when you were in the middle east?"

"Well," answered the traveler thoughtfully, "it resembled an elusive gold dollar which magnified."—Washington Star.

It Depends.

Teacher—Johnny, which is right—"A man lies east" or "a man lies easily?"

Pupil—Which, the man?—Cleveland Leader.

Prosperity tries the fortunate, adversity the great. —Pliny.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIP OYSTERS

a specialty.

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. —Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

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McKean County's

Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and

CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOPS, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 23, 1910.

Local and General.

—Come to Smethport July 4.

—If you are out for a good time Smethport is the place July 4th.

—Mrs. G. H. Denning entertained a number of ladies Tuesday evening.

—The Odd Fellows' band rendered a concert on Main street Monday evening.

—A new cement walk is being laid in front of the Star theater. A. E. Hackett is doing the work.

—The real big celebration of Independence Day will be pulled off at Smethport. Are you coming?

—An illustrated lecture on Sweden was given at the Star picture show Monday evening to a good business.

—Painters have been engaged during the past week in brightening up the residence of C. D. Comes on King street.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marks at this place, at the Bradford hospital, Wednesday, June 16th, 1910, a son.

—Lost, a black tom-cat, which strolled away from its home Monday. Was highly prized by its owner. Suitable reward will be paid for the return of the animal to this office.

—Mrs. Charlotte Isabelle McAllister, wife of Bert McAllister, former chief of the Bradford Fire Department, passed away at her home in this city last Friday morning.

—An account of the big Jeffries-Johnson fight by rounds will be received in Smethport on July 4th, and bulletins will be posted so all may know how it is going.

—Miss Goldie Schoonmaker entertained about 30 friends at her home at East Smethport last Monday evening in honor of Miss Roxie King, who left for Allentown, Pa., Tuesday.

—The No. 1 well of the Potter Gas Co. on Prospect Hill has been put down to a depth of over 2,000 feet and it is expected that sand will be reached during the next week.

—The Lester Williams property in Richburg, N. Y., was sold on Tuesday through the Herrick Agency of Ballyva to Bruce Cornwell of that village. Mr. Cornwell will take possession this fall.

—P. D. Grover of Salamanca, a well known B. & P. railroad conductor slipped and fell beneath the wheels of his train near Newton, with the re-

sult that his left foot was badly crushed. He was taken to the Bradford hospital for treatment.

—A burst in the water line leading into The Miner office is causing considerable trouble both to the Water Company and us. We have been obliged to lay a new line from King street and the Water Company is having its troubles finding the shut-off on Main street to the old line.

—Earl Potter Hahn, sometimes known as "Chiney," left yesterday for a visit in North Girard, Pa. Here on the shores of beautiful Lake Erie this popular gentleman will rest and recuperate for a week's time to prepare himself for the ordeal of a strenuous summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tambo of Goodyear Ave. announce the engagement of their daughter, Louise C., to Mr. C. Lloyd Armstrong of Smethport, wedding to take place at the home of the bride's parents in Buffalo, N. Y., November 2, 1910.

—Postmaster Gallop has installed a number of new combination lock boxes at the postoffice during the past week. A number of these boxes were recently put in, and the lock boxes at the postoffice are now all of the same model. They are much more convenient than the former ones in use.

—The Hedgehog Oil Co., in which Smethport capital is largely interested, completed and shot a well on the Morse farm at Coleville Monday which promises to be a small "gold mine" for its owners. Tuesday morning the well was pumped with the result that 37 barrels of oil had been deposited in the tank and in spite of this the supply had not been pumped off.

—Circulars offering \$500 reward for information leading to the recovery of Michael Steffan, the 7-year-old Ludlow boy who disappeared from his home in April, have been posted throughout this section. The circulars contain a picture of the lost boy. They were printed and distributed at the instance of the county commissioners.

—The Pennsylvania passenger train which runs between Tyrone and Grampian, struck an automobile at Riverview, a flag station, Saturday evening and so seriously injured Mr. and Mrs. James P. O'Loughlin that both are expected to die. Mr. O'Loughlin is a member of the law firm of Murray, O'Loughlin & Murray, one of the best known law firms in northwestern Pennsylvania. His wife is a daughter of Thomas Murray, Esq., the senior member of the firm.

A BIG SAVING!

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AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE MCKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

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36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
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A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP

Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship. Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive. Each department is attractively illustrated

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From THE BOYS MAGAZINE.

BOTH FOR \$1.60

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Subscription—\$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of \$100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

For Birth, marriage and death notices insert in front of the paper. Extra charge for each line.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BAKER,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 23, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress.

CHARLES E. PATTON,

of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.

SAMUEL E. BELL,

of Smethport.

HORACE H. REDFIELD,

of Smethport.

Congress will adjourn the latter part of this week.

At the State convention of Ohio Democrats held at Dayton yesterday, Governor Judson Harmon was again nominated for the office, and given a boom for the Presidential nomination.

A short time ago a boom was started for Secretary of State P. C. Knox for Governor of Pennsylvania, but he clipped the boom in the bud by stating that he would under no circumstances be a candidate for that office.

Webster Grim, who was nominated for Governor by the State convention of Pennsylvania Democrats at Allentown last week does not appear to be received with open arms by the Democracy of the State, and the same is true of the entire ticket. There is some talk of holding another convention and placing another ticket in the field.

Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, recently nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the twenty-ninth Pennsylvania district, spent \$10,698.53. The most of it went for the dissemination of information, watching at the polls, the transportation of voters to the polls and advertising, the four principal purposes for which money may be spent at Pennsylvania elections. The newspapers received more than \$6,000 for advertising, one paper, the Sharon Telegraph, getting \$2,948. Mr. Sibley received 10,440 votes. He was nominated by a majority of 659.

Do Americans value human life? This, at first sight, appears like a foolish question. The average answer to such a query would be promptly in the affirmative. But when one reads of the slaughter due to careless driving of automobiles; the frightful disasters on railroads, due in the majority of cases to somebody's carelessness; the killing of hundreds of men in coal mines from time to time, because explosive gas has been carelessly ignited; and when the great variety of other death-dealing forms of negligence are all considered, the idea begins to form itself in the mind of the reasoner that Americans do not highly value the lives of human beings.

In the Fourth of July fatalities that occur year after year, this disregard of safety on the part of the public, is startling to contemplate. Official statistics show that in Fourth of July casualties from the year 1903 to 1908, 1,316 lives were lost and 27,390 persons were injured, many being maimed and blinded. Last year, on July 4th, 215 persons were killed and 5,397 were injured. On the coming anniversary there will be a continuation of the slaughter. It is this array of horrors that has led many thoughtful American men and women to inaugurate what has come to be known as the "Safe and sane Fourth of July" movement.

The purpose of this undertaking is to discourage the usual reckless use of dangerous explosives on Independence Day. The main object is to protect the youth of the land from dangers which are ever present when cannon crackers, torpedoes, dynamite caps, pistols, etc., are used indiscriminately by the young people in their desire to make a deafening din on the nation's holiday.

Some cities have adopted ordinances prohibiting the use of the death-dealing devices complained of and the results have been very satisfactory. But before such enactments become general the agitation of the question must be persisted in and kept active. People are forgetful of dangers unless they are constantly reminded of them.

Those ladies of this city who are now advancing the Safe and sane Fourth of July propaganda ought to be encouraged by every resident of Bradford. And all cities and towns in the United States there should be a similar awakening of popular interest in this exceedingly important matter.—Bradford Era.

Wanted.

A family of four would take two maids, or an experienced general maid, good wages. Address Lock Box 116.

HAPGOOD RE-ELECTED.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Baldwin and Assemblyman James A. McKean, both of whom are given a full measure of our approval.

To Hon. Robert P. Haggood, chairman, and Mr. Frank Frawley, secretary, of the Republican County committee during the past year, are due and are hereby tendered the thanks of the party for their creditable and efficient services in conducting the campaign in 1909.

To our nominees, Charles E. Patton, for representative in congress; Samuel E. Bell and H. H. Redfield, for representatives in the state legislature, we pledge our united support; and, when the ticket to be voted for on November 8th, next, is completed by the Republican State convention on the 22nd, inst., we pledge to it its entirety, our loyal support.

C. M. SLACK,

H. H. ADST,

J. W. STEINHAEUER.

Speeches were made by Samuel E. Bell and H. H. Redfield, candidates for the state legislature; Mayor R. J. Hoffman, H. H. North, Ralph Evans, of Kane, County Commissioners Peterson and Marsh, James A. Connelley, W. E. Wilson, Hon. J. C. Greenwald and J. E. Hart.

The Delegates.

The delegates present and the districts they represented follow: L. H. Winslip, Anna township; J. L. Llewellyn, Eldred borough; C. M. Slack, Eldred township; C. H. Corwin, Foster township, second district; James A. Connelley, Hamilton township, first district; H. B. Lindquist, Hamlin township, first district; E. R. Paulson, Hamlin township, second district; Harry E. Eschbaugh, Hamlin township, third district; Frank Potter, Kane; Denny Davis, Kane; George Duberry, Kane; John L. Hart, Kane; John Hallock, Keating township, first district; Leon Curtis, Keating township, second district; John Bartley, Lafayette township, first district; H. B. Cannon, Lafayette township, second district; Charles Lunden, Mt. Jewett; C. M. Benson, Norwich township, first district; J. W. Steinhauer, Sergeant township, first district; W. A. Ostrand, Smethport; John A. Gustafson, Wetmore township; J. C. Johnson, Bradford township, first district; L. J. Berry, Bradford township, second district; G. G. Hamilton, Ceres township; B. D. Tomie, Corydon township, first district; J. W. Hinton, Corydon township, second district; W. H. Huston, Foster township, first district; C. E. Mays, Hamilton township, second district; W. E. Wilson, Keating township, third district; Frank Hunt, Otto township, second district; J. B. Colcord, Port Allegany; J. C. Greenwald and A. N. Heard, first ward, Bradford; George Patton and John Vantine, second ward, Bradford; H. H. Adst, third ward, Bradford; J. E. Abbott, third ward, Bradford; Homer Chateau, fourth ward, Bradford; C. E. Harrington, fifth ward, Bradford; J. G. Drehmer, sixth ward, Bradford; A. Walker, Lafayette township, third district; W. J. Buffington, Lafayette township, fourth district; J. B. Fuller, Otto township, first district; J. A. Sampson, Liberty township.

Chairman Haggood has appointed Alf Evans of Kane, secretary of the Republican County committee.

\$500 Reward.

A reward of \$500 is offered by the county commissioners of McKean county for the detection or apprehension and conviction of any person guilty of a felony in connection with the disappearance of Michael Steffan, a boy seven years of age, of Ludlow, McKean county, Pa., who was last seen in the woods near his home on Saturday, the 16th day of April, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Smethport, Pa., June 15, 1910.

June 15—4t.

Bradford Summer School.

A review for teachers June 26 to July 29. Inquire of Chas. H. Korys, Bradford, Pa.

WANTED.

Ladies wishing to avoid the Hot stove and over heated house, and at same time reduce the Gas Bill to call at Means Hardware and see the Jewel Flat Iron.

SITUATION WANTED.

Chaufeur, Gasoline Car, careful driver, can repair.
Box 54. Smethport, Pa.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARE.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt, which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,

East Smethport.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Rose Curtis is visiting friends in Buffalo.

E. A. Morrison was a Port Allegany visitor Monday.

Mrs. S. D. Leman was in Bradford on business yesterday.

Mrs. A. J. Parker and children are visiting in Ridgway this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham passed Sunday with Olean relatives.

W. B. Fry of Buffalo was visiting his brother, S. L. Fry, this week.

William Colegrove and Claude Lyons left Monday for Silver Lake, N. Y.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned last Friday from a business visit to New York.

Miss Letha Stull of Portville was calling on friends in town last week.

Vernon McGonnell of Coudersport was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Hurd Bowen and son, Jack, returned to their home in Bradford Saturday.

"Bill" Flaherty of Bradford was renewing old acquaintances in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Nat Cummings of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence.

Miss Mary Connell of Simpson was the guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Leona Hogarth and Viola Badger were calling on friends in Port Allegany Monday.

Ed Glavin and Walter Apple have returned home from State College for the summer vacation.

Mrs. O. H. McCoy and Mrs. T. H. Morrison left yesterday for a few days' visit with Bradford friends.

Mrs. C. E. McNamee and children of Johnsonburg are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jam's Lynch.

Miss Bessie Engstrom left Tuesday for a two weeks' visit with her cousin, Miss Ida Engstrom, of Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Amanda Anderson departed yesterday for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Olean and Jamestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Blake returned from Independence, Kansas, Thursday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Andrew Hanley, who has been employed in Rochester, N. Y., for the past two months, has returned to his home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke of Buffalo are spending their two weeks' vacation with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brooke.

Miss Helen Oviatt returned Tuesday from Farmers Valley where she has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Oviatt for a few days.

Miss Ruth Oviatt, who has been teaching at Lake Mills, Wis., for the past two years, arrived home Tuesday to spend her summer vacation to return this fall.

The Rev. W. A. Harris left on Monday for Candor, N. Y. The Methodist pulpit will be supplied on Sunday morning by George Robinson of Bradford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Miss Rita, left Monday for Lewisburg, Pa., to attend the management exercises at Bucknell University.

Miss Rose of Binghamton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin for some time has returned home. She was accompanied by Miss Mirabel Hamlin.

Miss Goldie Schoonmaker spent a few days at Sugar Grove visiting and attending the graduating exercises of her brother at Sugar Grove Seminary last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and children and Miss Shultz of Ridgway autoed to Smethport on Sunday. Owing to a breakdown Mr. Powell was detained here several days.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cleveland and daughters, are in Buffalo this week, the former to attend the Knights Templar Conclave of the Grand Commandry, State of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt returned home Saturday evening from Reading, Pa., where Mr. Gerritt was a delegate to the State convention of Red Men, they also visited Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo and G. B. Mayo left Monday for Brunswick, Maine, where they will attend the commencement of Bowdoin College, from which Mr. Mayo was graduated fifty years ago, and G. B. Mayo, fifteen years ago. From Brunswick they will go to Hampden Highlands, Maine, Mr. Mayo's old home. Returning they will visit Boston and New York.

Science in Farming.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are showing their faith in agricultural education by sending several hundreds of their sons to the School of Agriculture in The Pennsylvania State College.

The growth of this school in this state institution has been remarkable. The criticism made of some state agricultural schools that they train boys wholly away from the farm will not apply to Pennsylvania. One hundred and seventy of the four hundred and seventy-nine students enrolled in the School of Agriculture last year took courses that fit only for rural life, while a considerable percentage of the remaining number, who are taking the four years' college courses, expect to engage in some department of practical farming.

The Two Years' Course in Agriculture attracts young men who have not been able to prepare for a four years' course, and it fits men for practical work only and not for professional life. A booklet has been prepared for free distribution that describes the work offered in this course, and it presents some fine illustrations that are descriptive of the work in the School of Agriculture. Students are shown engaged in livestock judging, horticultural work and other practical. An excellent picture of the students engaged in military drill is shown on the last cover page. This attractive booklet may be secured without charge by sending a postal card request to School of Agriculture and Experiment Station, State College, Centre county, Pa. Every young man who wants to know the science of agriculture and its useful application, and who has not had the advantage of school preparation for a four years' college course, should take advantage of this Two Years' Course in The Pennsylvania State College.

Webworms Destroying Corn.

Specimen stalks of corn that were being destroyed by an insect pest reached Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, through the Secretary of Agriculture, accompanied by letter. An examination of the stalks resulted in the following reply:

"Your letter to the Secretary of Agriculture and specimen enclosed, have been handed by him to me for reply. Upon examination of the stalks of corn, I find that the pest destroying them is the webworm of the genus Crambus, known as the Corn Root Webworm. This attacks corn following sod and is rarely destructive to corn that does not follow sod plowed in the spring. The proper method is to prevent this damage by plowing and sowing in the fall. There are at least five pests that are destroyed by so doing, which are not easily met by remedies in the spring when the corn becomes conspicuous on the crop following the spring plowed sod. These are the cut-worms of various species, wire worms, root lice attended by ants, white grubs and webworms.

"Late fall plowing, with still later cultivation with a spring tooth harrow, and very early stirring with the same harrow in the spring, is the very best means of preventing loss caused by these pests. However, we can not go backward and do this work last fall, and must now face the fact that the webworms are very abundant and destructive in your field. The question is: 'What can be done for them immediately?' I can assure you that such action as must be taken must be prompt.

"I recommend spraying with one ounce of arsenate of lead in each gallon of water. If you have a crop sprayer, such as is used for potatoes, you can carry one nozzle over each row, and will be able to spray several acres of corn in a day. It will pay every farmer to have a good crop sprayer, geared to get the power from the revolving wheels. However, if you do not have such apparatus, a barrel pump with a crop spraying attachment, which costs only a few dollars, can be geared on a wagon or cart and hauled through your corn field; if you do not have this, you can use a hand sprayer, such as a knapsack sprayer or a small compressed air sprayer and get good results. The main thing is to be sure that the poison is blown well into the heart or center of the corn stalk."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

R. W. JONES, Livestockman.

50 Acre Farm.

Stock, Tools and Machinery for \$2,200.

We offer for sale the Durfee farm of 50 acres, located 4 miles from Olean, N. Y., and 5 miles from Portville, N. Y., on the Windfall road. On R. F. D. Smooth, rolling land, 42 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and maple, beech and chestnut timber. Watered by creek and well; good wire fences; good orchard grafted fruit. Eight room house with good cellar in good repair. Well water at house. Barn 30x40 in good repair; good hen house, hog house and granary. Included with the farm is two horses, two cows, 42 hens and all farm tools and machinery now on farm. This farm is 2 miles from school, 3 miles from cheese factory and 4 miles from railroad station. Price for everything \$2,200. Terms \$500 cash, time on balance. Possession within 30 days. Owner engaged in other business only reason for selling. If interested, write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

JULY SALE ON ALL Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

\$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....\$3.95

\$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....\$3.15

\$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....\$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

THE FINE ARTS IN BAKING

are shown to advantage in our attractive display in Spring offerings in fancy cakes and pastries, and what is of equal if not of greater importance, our goods taste even better than they look. If you are not acquainted with us and our baking it will surely pay you to call and examine our output and give our goods a trial.

PICKERSGILL'S BAKERY
Main Street.

The Fidelity Trust Company
OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

HAS PAID \$3,000,000.00 IN INTEREST TO ITS DEPOSITORS

DEPOSITS MADE BEFORE JULY 11TH WILL DRAW INTEREST FROM JULY 1ST

4 PER CENT. per annum, compounded every three months

You can bank here by mail with absolute safety, secrecy and satisfaction.
(Cor. Main and Swan Sts.) **GEORGE V. FORMAN, President.**

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **F. H. Hungville,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD
WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Read the

"MINER"

IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms. Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality. Estimates cheerfully given free of charge.

E. W. STRONG

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies' Style Books, Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Frank Merriwell's Mosaic Library, Nick Carter's Magazine Library, and many others too numerous to mention. Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—
DUNBAR'S AGENCY.
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

The Lindholm Company,



Queen Quality
Shoe Sale.

We want to close out every pair of Queen Quality shoes in our store.
We wish to show a new line of high shoes next fall.

Therefore we offer every pair of Queen Quality shoes at a big loss.
This is your gain and our loss.
We have all sizes from 2 1/2 to 6 1/2, but not in each style.

\$3.00, \$3.50, & \$4.00 \$1.75

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

A DEATH WARRANT

—FOR—

Potato Bugs, Curculio, or the Cotton,
Tobacco, Cabbage, Currant or
Apple Tree Worm,

The Fly or Worm on Cucum-
ber, Squash and Melon
Vines, or any other
Insect that cross
the path of

Pierces Bug Killer

FOR SALE BY

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Mines

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as
second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 23, 1910.

Local and General.

—One week from Monday the eagle will scream and in no place louder than Smethport.

—The ladies of the Methodist church gave a chain tea at the chapel Monday evening.

—"Buffalo Bill's" Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East will exhibit at Bradford tomorrow.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Swimming pools are a favorite attraction for the younger generation at the present time, also for some of the older ones.

—The Smethport plant of the Berney-Bond Bottle Co. shuts down next Thursday for the summer.

—The Junior "choir" of St. Luke's church held a picnic party at the parish house yesterday afternoon and evening.

—Every man who reads this should also read the Walk-Over shoe advertisement, by Monheimer, which appears in this issue.

—The thermometer has registered above ninety nearly every day this week, and it is said to have reached 96 in some places on Tuesday.

—It is understood that chances are good for a local manufacturing concern developing into a large and thriving industry in the near future.

—Several Bradford ladies were in town on Tuesday tagging the people of this borough for the benefit of the Children's home of that city.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsay who was recently taken ill, in Kane, returned home last Friday. She has about recovered from the effects of her recent illness.

—Hon. Joseph W. Bouton has been chosen for President of the Day at Smethport's big Fourth of July celebration.

—Anyone who fails to come to Smethport for the Fourth of July will miss one of the biggest times of their lives. Get into the van and come.

—Many people took advantage of the Shawmut excursion to Olean this morning. Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East is exhibiting at that city today.

—The baseball game for the Fourth of July promises to be a big feature. The grounds are being put in good shape and the local fans say a "fast game" may be expected.

—Kane sustained a severe fire loss early yesterday morning when the plant of the Kane Sliding Blind Co. was consumed, entailing a loss on building and stock of about \$30,000. The insurance is about \$10,000.

—The annual exhibit of the Industrial Departments of the Pennsylvania Reformatory at Huntingdon, Pa., and the exercises connected with the close of the present term of the Reformatory schools will be held on Tuesday, June 28, at 2 and 7:30 p. m.

—The Fourth of July oration will be delivered by Rev. Delos H. Dunbar of Obit, N. Y. Rev. Dunbar is a well-known pulpit orator in this section, having been assigned a charge in this vicinity a number of years ago and his many friends in this section will be pleased to hear him again.

—The I. O. O. F. band and a number of our citizens are going up to the new lumber town of Norwich on Sunday for a day's outing. The party will leave here in the morning in automobiles and will be the guests of the citizens of the new town all day. The band will give a big concert and the day will be spent in getting acquainted with the people of Norwich.

—Last week in our writeup of the cutlery fire we stated that some claimed that Night Watchman Brooks used

a pail containing oil instead of water when he attempted to extinguish the flames. Mr. Brooks emphatically denies this claim and as he is in the best position to know, we assume that his claim is correct.

—A card party will be given by the P. H. C. at their hall in the I. O. O. F. building next Tuesday evening. Refreshments will be served at an fine time is anticipated. All members are requested to be present, being entitled to bring one guest.

—The local circle, P. H. C., gave an immigrant party at their hall in the Odd Fellows' building Tuesday evening. Each of the members were dressed in costumes typical of various European countries. Refreshments in the form of Bologna sausage, rye bread and coffee were served. Sixty-five members were present.

—Reginald Liller, a youngster of seven years of age, son of James Liller who resides near Austin, has the distinction of killing a rattlesnake which had nine rattles on its tail. The boy along with several of his companions was fishing on the Bell Branch of the Hammersley and was barefooted at the time he killed the dangerous reptile.

—Sunday night after the Children's Day exercises at the M. E. church and after all had left, someone broke open and stole the contents of the children's birthday box, amounting to about \$3 in change. The theft is believed to have been committed by a boy or boys well acquainted with the location and use to which the box was put. This is not the first time this church has been rifled in a similar manner.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Coryville correspondent to the Eldred Eagle says: While Mr. Harry Ruble was driving an auto through Coryville in company with Harry Metzger the latter was leaning out watching something that had gone wrong about the auto and lost his balance and fell on his head. It caused quite an excitement for fear he might be badly hurt but it proved nothing serious and they were soon on their way again.

—The State Board of Examiners completed their work to-day and three hundred and nineteen students who were recommended by the faculty passed the examinations successfully. The material growth of the school is best expressed by the following figures: In 1905 there were sixty-eight students who successfully passed the State Board examination while in 1910 three hundred nineteen successfully passed the examination.

—A man giving his name as J. W. Barnes was brought to this borough from Kane Monday and lodged in jail to await trial at the next term of criminal court. The man was arrested by Chief of Police Ives and Officer Dilley, following the disappearance of a bag of laundry, owned by J. E. Mullin, Esq., of Kane. On being searched the missing laundry was found on the man's person. At a hearing he was bound over to court. It is said that he presents the appearance of having been "over the turf" before.

—Detective Jones went to Little Valley Tuesday with requisition papers and a bench warrant for Robert McGuire, who had just completed a sentence at the Cattaraugus county jail. McGuire is charged with the robbery of the Bradford Case Cutlery Co. some time ago, at which time a number of pocket knives turned up missing. McGuire was brought to this place Tuesday evening and lodged in the county jail, where he will be held for trial at the next term of criminal court.

—Merle Irons, son of Gideon Irons, who resides near the reservoir, is very seriously ill at the Bradford hospital. The lad fell last winter and injured his hip, and his illness is a result of this accident. He underwent a surgical operation at the hospital.

—While excavating for a trench on Church street Friday to connect the Miner building with a water line, Wm. Evans unearthed a genuine copper "copper." The coin bore the date of 1851 and was in an excellent state of preservation and has in all probability been buried for many years.

—On Saturday night County Detective Jones arrested George Smith, a fifteen-year-old Coleville boy. Young Smith was found crouching behind a hedge in front of the residence of John McCarthy on East Main street, in an intoxicated condition. He was placed in the lockup and was released Sunday morning, after a hearing before Burgess Cleveland. It is understood that some enlightening information was secured from the youth, which has been filed along with some more like data for future use.

—The Smethport baseball team is diligently practicing for its first game of the season to be played July 4th. The line-up of the team will be practically the same as the one which won many laurels for Smethport several seasons ago. This is the first real attempt to perfect an organization since the days of league baseball in Smethport and the ball tossers are working out in fine form and a winning team is predicted. The team will meet the Mt. Jewett nine on the Fourth in this borough. The Mt. Jewett team is a fast one and a hotly contested game is promised.

—Ora Cook had an eventful week last week. She started out on Sun-

day by accidentally shooting and killing Joe Priccarelli at Coleville; on Thursday she was united in marriage to Ernest Russell at Limestone and on Saturday she and her husband parted on account of the rough seas connected with her matrimonial voyage. Thus far this week she has been seeking rest and quiet in the seclusion of her home near Coleville, that her somewhat shattered nerves may not suffer a breakdown.

—The arrangements for the annual commencement at the Clarion State Normal school have been completed. This commencement season promises to be one of the most interesting occasions the school has ever had. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of the Bethlehem Diocese, Central Pennsylvania, will preach the baccalaureate sermon and Edwin Earl Sparks, president of State college, will be the commencement orator. The Campus Pageant, Class Reunions, Literary Contest, Music, Graduates' Recital and the Class Day exercises will be among the interesting events of the week.

—By an examination of the records in the Commissioners office it has been discovered that August Noels, the Democratic member of the Board has charged for and received his expense to and from Abbott county home for several trips he did not make. This is no doubt a mistake on the part of Commissioner Noels as it does not seem possible a man of his personal standing would purposely defraud the county out of a few dollars. Mr. Noels admits he has charged for some trips he did not make but denies that there are six—charging there are not more than three or four such.—Potter Enterprise.

—The marriage of Mr. Claite Van Dusen of Smethport and Miss Laura Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hewitt of Kenting township, occurs this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. The bride has been one of the efficient teachers of the Smethport schools during the past two terms and is popular with a large circle of friends and is a charming young lady. Mr. Van Dusen is a salesman for the Smethport Rubber Co. and is a model young man who has made hosts of friends in this place. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dusen will leave, at the conclusion of the ceremony, for a honeymoon which will include Syracuse, Buffalo and Erie. The Miner unites with many friends in extending congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

Glass Cutters Wanted.
15 experienced men, 10 smoothers,
5 roughers. Also experienced Acid
Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.
Towanda, Pa.

Westbrook
Commercial Academy
Olean, N.Y.

28th Year
Will open Sept. 6
NEW CATALOGUE AND
PARTICULARS ON REQUEST

Children! Children!!
My! what a noise!
But it's not the child-
ren — it's your head!
ANTI-ACHE
"Cures
head-
ache in a flash."
Soothes and quiets
your head in a
quiet, normal condition
clear as a bell — free from pain
Does not affect the heart.
Any drugstore, 10c and 25c
Wayne Chemical Co.
Clarion, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Come on in
and try on a pair of our
WALK OVER
Oxfords. You'll find them easy as
an old slipper, while the style and
elegant finish are just what they
should be. \$3.50 is too little for
these, but we're satisfied to give
YOU the biggest end of the bargain
MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal
Patterns

Holeproof
Hose

FRY & COMES.

Fancy Silks at Reduced Prices

Our complete stock of fancy silks are marked at big reductions this week for a complete clearance.

The seasons favorites in Foulards, Rough Weaves, Rongees Fancy Weaves, etc., in ample variety await you at very attractive prices. Its an opportunity to command your prompt attention if you contemplate a new gown or waist and who wouldn't prefer silk to cotton with prices so nearly the same as this sale affords.

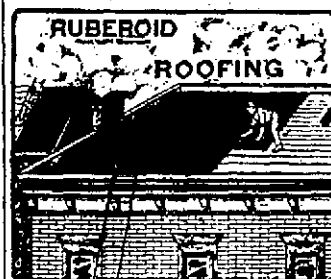
Reductions range from 1/4 to 1/2 off regular prices.
Buy them this week at 35c to 75c.

FRY & COMES

Smethport,

Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not too late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.
Edison Phonographs \$15.00 and up.
"Amber" records 50c each,
"Standard" 35c.
Catalogue free upon request.

Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."
Palace Pharmacy,
Headquarters for Talking Machines,
records and supplies.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In-Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries Special attention given orders for Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

QUESTIONS IN COURT

A Series That Moved an Observer to Turn Critic.

SOME GEMS HE PRESERVED.

The Lawyers Didn't Seem to See the Ridiculous Phase of the Inquiry, but it Loomed Large to the Man With an Idea That the Law Is Salomon.

A man who spent several days in a courtroom listening to the examination of witnesses was struck with the reflection that some shining legal minds would not be unduly dimmed by the infusion of a few of the principles of logic. The time taken up by attorneys in drawing the conclusion that a juror who lives at a given address makes his home there and then referring the conclusion to the juror for confirmation has not been computed, but any one mathematically inclined may figure it out by multiplying the following examples by any handy large round number:

"What is your occupation?"
"I am a switchman."

"On a railroad?"

The obvious answer which the juror's awe of his surroundings prevents him from making would be, of course, "No, in a cream-pastry."

"Judge," said a juror, "I would like to be excused from service. When summoned I was making arrangements for my brother-in-law's funeral."

"Is your brother-in-law dead?" inquired the court.

It developed that he was.

"Now, Mr. Juror," came another question, "what is your age?"

"Forty-four."

"Forty-four years old?"

That is exactly what the juror meant. The lawyer guessed right the very first time.

Here is another flash that came to one of the attorneys. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"At 4410 Blank street."

"You reside there, do you?"

Once in awhile there is a funny answer which isn't to be wondered at considering the power of suggestion.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Any family?"

"Two."

But the balance is well on the lawyers' side. Witness this: The questioner had asked if a juror was related in any way to any of the principals or witnesses in the case.

"I am a brother-in-law of Mr. Blank, one of the witnesses," was the reply.

"You married his sister, then?"

He had.

"Let me ask you now, Mr. Juror, have you formed any opinion about the guilt or innocence of this defendant?"

"I have."

"Is it a fixed opinion or is it one that could be changed by evidence?"

"It could be changed if the evidence were strong enough."

"Then you would not call it a definite opinion?"

"No."

"It is a vague opinion, then?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Juror, follow me closely. If you please. You say your opinion is a vague one and not definitely fixed. Now, then, if that is the case and you went into that jury box and listened to the evidence adduced from that witness stand and heard the law expounded by the judge from that bench, would it not be possible for you to lay aside that opinion and concur in a verdict warranted by the evidence and the instructions of the court?"

"Yes."

The attorney, having received the same answer to his long question as to his short one, is perfectly satisfied, and throws a triumphant look at his colleague, which says, "I knew I could get it out of him if I kept at him long enough."

Here is another astonishing deduction: A juror took the stand dressed in a blue uniform with brass buttons. Around his belt was strapped a money changer. The examining attorney looked at him long and searchingly and then said in a tone which admitted of no trifling:

"You are a street car conductor?"

It was the same attorney who forced this confession from another juror:

"What is your occupation?"

"I'm a bookkeeper for Blank & Co."

"You keep books in the office?"

Unmistakenly, the bookkeeper broke down and made a clean breast of it.

"Now, Mr. Juror, be good enough to state how old you are."

"Fifty-six years."

"How long have you resided in this state?"

"Fifteen years."

"Then you were not born here?"

The trapped man admitted the truth. Here is another:

"Where you born in Missouri?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, I see. Then you moved here from some other state. And then in a 'come-come-don't-deny-the-court' tone of voice, 'Where did you come from?'"

"Chicago, Ill.?"—Kansas City Times.

"Unhappy Man!"

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the victim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My first sweetheart died, the second killed me, and the third became my wife!"

Tears are often the telescope through which men see far into heaven.—Beecher.

A CUNNING WEASEL

The Trick by Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a weasell in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold, and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared on the scene a weasell, which immediately declared war on the rodents.

One by one the rats fell victims to the weasell's superior strength, until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasell had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasell to a hiding place.

Shortly thereafter the weasell was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasell ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, but immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasell finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill being aroused, they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasell had dug the hole sufficiently large at the opening to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded, until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel he quickly slipped through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole the weasell dodged in behind him, caught him in the rear and in a place where he could not tuck bound and finished him at his leisure.—Harper's Weekly.

POISON IN FLOWERS.

Dainty and Beautiful Blossoms in Which Lurks Death.

When the good friar in "Romeo and Juliet" reflected upon the properties of the simple flower, "within whose infant rind poison hath residence and medicine power," his observation embraced a goodly category of well-known flowers whose secretions furnish the world with so many poisons.

For instance, the laburnum, which has been compared to a fountain of gold leaping into the sun—a most charming sight—is one of the most poisonous things imaginable, inasmuch as it is poison in leaf and flower and seed. Even the grass growing beneath it is poisonous by reason of its proximity to the innocent looking blossoms overhead, and it has been found necessary to guard against cattle eating this grass for fear of fatal results. The bulbs of such dainty and beautiful flowers as the narcissus, hyacinth, jonquil and snowdrop secrete the most deadly poisons, not to speak of the oxalis, the monkshood and the foxglove, all of which furnish various poisons sufficient to destroy life.

To these may be added certain of the crocuses, the lovely lady's slipper, the quaint old jack-in-the-pulpit and the laughing lily buttercup. The latter, despite its most innocent appearance, is one of the worst of the poisonous flowers. Even the cow is aware of that and carefully avoids it. The cousins of the buttercup, the peonies, the larkspurs and the rest, all contain toxic fluids.

Another source of deadly poison is the oleander tree, while the bark of the superb catalpa tree contains many deadly doses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Unfamiliar Alias.

There may be nothing in a name, but the American traveler of whom the Living Church tells found at least confusion therein. He had landed at Liverpool and hastened out of the city to a rural village, where he found a charmingly old fashioned inn which delighted his soul. It was late when he arrived, and when he asked what he could have for supper, the buxom landlady suggested minced collops. He agreed with enthusiasm, the dish sounded so romantic, so Robin Hoody, so almost medieval. And what do you suppose they brought him? Just plain hash!

Break in Sweden.

In Sweden the bread of the people is for the most part hard, thin as a dinner plate and about the size of one. It is baked without yeast, and the water is practically all extracted in the process of baking; hence, relatively, per pound of bread, its cost is much higher than in the common forms of bread as we know them, containing one-half their weight in water that has cost nothing. Loaf bread and rolls in Sweden are a luxury.

Making Time Profitable.

"See here," cried the busy merchant, "don't you know my time is valuable?"

"Well," replied the book agent, "I'm sure it might be valuable to me. If you'll give me five minutes of it I believe I can sell you a set of these books."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Finding Issues.

"We've got to buy a paper, if we wish to go in politics."

"Sure. Then we'll have a lot of issues to offer the people."—St. Louis Star.

THE END OF A PERILOUS RIDE.

Courtship in the Saddle to the Music of Flying Bullets.

By MARTHA M'C. WILLIAMS.
(Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.)

If only Esther had not sung "My Maryland, My Maryland," which she loved best of all the war songs. Her untainted voice was so rich and true it carried half across the bush pasture. She had stolen there with safety for the young horses grazing for safety amid the intricate thickets. They had had some for a month. In the third year of the civil war, to man and beast alike, salt was almost a luxury throughout middle Tennessee. The bluecoats held the railway towns and turned them into fortresses more or less secure. Over the wide green country road, about gray horsemen rode and raided almost at pleasure. Thus salt was among the things reckoned "contraband of war" and to be bought in such rugged quantities as were marked upon the permits from headquarters.

Between bluecoats and gray, horses had come to be the most uncertain of all possessions. Esther sang because she dared not whistle the regular horse call. She knew Princess, her own mare, would come at sound of her voice and most likely bring the herd pell-mell at her heels, since she was easily its queen. She was also thoroughbred, jet black, the last foal of a dam never beaten at four miles. Princess was five years old, Esther seventeen. They had grown up playmates and comrades, each full of tricks and delight in the other.

Esther need not have sung. Her foot was scarcely off the rail fence when Princess came charging, mouth slightly open, ears batted. Five yards off her mistress she stopped short, drooped her head, hid wheeled and skidded gently until her withers lay under Esther's hand.

Incautiously she thrust her hand within her bunched apron and brought up some salt grains upon her open palm. Princess licked them savagely, thrust her head fiercely against Esther's breast and made as if to paw her with an angry foot.

Princess truly loved her mistress, but she was used with salt hunger, almost the strongest known to the beasts of the field. She caught the apron folds and Esther's left hand between her teeth and backed, rearing slightly and pawing, not viciously, but with light flicking hoofs. To save herself Esther dug her free arm about the mare's neck and swung clear of the ground, saying sternly: "Ho, Princess! Stand! Let go!"

Princess kept backing and pawing. The herd caught the sound and came rushing. She wheeled to meet the rush, with Esther still swinging, and let fly at her mates with both heels. In the shock of impact her teeth shut cruelly upon Esther's hand, but still the girl did not cry out.

She hung facing the mare, so saw nothing else until muscular fingers locked themselves in Princess' foretop and gripped her nostrils hard. Instantly her mouth flew open. Esther snatched away her hand and dropped to earth. For a breath she stood silent, then said, with a stamp of her foot, "Princess, I never thought you could be so mean!"

"Aren't you yourself to blame?" Princess' captor said. He was a tall, well made fellow, with a soldierly air for his citizen's coat, a pair of keen gray eyes set in a brown face and the dust of hard riding all over him. "Give the salt—at once!" Esther obeyed in silence. Neither spoke again until the last grain had been licked up and the beasts were biting the earth where it had lain. Then it was Esther who asked a question. "How does it happen you are here?"

"I came for a horse and crept out of hiding to listen to a song," the man said, smiling. "The song assures me I may tell you I am John Sandford, a scout for Forrest—in plain words, a spy. At daylight this morning I found out something my general ought to know at once. Since then I have ridden my horse down. The poor beast is lying by the thicket yonder. I must have something in his stead—something that can go like the wind."

"You shall not have Princess, though she was so bad," Esther said quickly, locking her arms around the black mare's neck. "Marquise, the brown over there, is almost as fast. Father would give her to you gladly, only he has taken the oath, so you must not ask him. He will not mind you taking her."

"I see. I will come and thank him after the war," Sandford said, laughing. "Now tell me the nearest ford and how I can get to it quickest."

"The bend is nearest—only ten miles off—but you cannot cross there. The Yankees keep pickets in a stockade just by the ford. You will have to strike for the Ridge. That is five miles lower down."

"The Ridge? How shall I get there?" "Go out that way," Esther said, sweeping her arms southerly. "Strike through the woods to the big road. It is only a mile. Follow it to the crossroads, and there take the left!"

She stopped short. Straight from the south came the grumble of drums, underlaid by the blurred beat of hoofs.

Sandford's head went up. "Mounted infantry," he said.

"If they know would they be after you?" Esther asked. Sandford nodded.

For a minute he stood silent, then cautiously approached the brown mare, springing lightly upon her back and said: "Those drums sound my boots and saddle, but it is clear I cannot go down the big road. Is there no other way? Think hard! I must be across the river before tomorrow morning."

"Will they hags you if they catch you?" Esther asked.

"Sandford laughed. 'That does not so much matter,' he said, 'though I would rather keep on living. What does matter is telling Mr. Forrest the news. If that can be done—'

He stopped, looking down. Esther shivered slightly. "You mean it will help—help us to fight and win?" she asked. She was a vivid patriot, tenacious to her south. If she had been a man she would long ago have been away at the fighting. Something of all this shone in her eyes. Sandford looked straight into them as he answered: "It will help us to win a battle. As to the end, God knows. Now tell me the way."

"There is none I can tell you, but I can show you one—a blind trail, woods, roads and cattle tracks," Esther said, scrambling upon her mare's back and wheeling her half about. "Meet me outside the back barn. I shall be there in a little while."

"No, no! You must not think of it. I cannot allow you!" Sandford began. The strengthening drums silenced him. Esther smiled and dashed away.

Twenty minutes after she was at the barn to meet him, sitting straight and light in saddle, as he had known she would ride. Without a word she gave him a parcel. Then he knew she had read the hunger in his face.

"We must follow the old trace. Father showed it to me last year," Esther explained after another mile. The woods were thinning. The trace had led to a ridge-top, whence they could see in places the big road rumpled white and straight through the country lowland. Presently they came into a cattle track. Esther frowned to see that it was not freshly trodden, but followed it, unquestioning, until it ran square into a wide new clearing.

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A Tory Ruse

How General Washington
Kept Information From
Reaching the Enemy.

By VIRGINIA DARROW.

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Association.

At Dobbs Ferry, some thirty miles north of New York city, is a house which during the Revolutionary war was occupied by General Washington for his headquarters. It is a square frame house standing in the center of perhaps half an acre of ground, and in a niche in the wall, separating the premises from the road is a monument with an inscription stating that the house was the headquarters of the struggle for American independence.

One morning a girl of twenty stood in one of the rooms on the ground floor of this building—they were all occupied for this purpose by members of Washington's staff—while a young man in the uniform of a captain sat at the desk writing. When he had finished he handed her a slip of paper, saying:

"There is the pass, Janice. Remember, I am responsible that he who uses it is a patriot and will give no information to the British concerning what he has seen here. General Washington has no time to attend to such matters himself and delegates the issue of all passes to me. I say this to you because I know you to belong to a Tory family, and I understand that your sympathies are with the red-coats."

"I shall send a letter by him," replied the girl, "to a friend of mine in New York. He will not know what the letter contains."

"Sweetheart," said the young man impulsively, "I would not give this permit to any other living person than you."

The captain was sitting in one of the front rooms of the house overlooking the Hudson river and the heights beyond. But he did not see the river or a sloop that was lazily drifting down with the tide or the heights beyond. He was thinking that he had committed an unpardonable error in yielding to the persuasions of one he loved and risking possibly the very cause of American independence. Presently he sprang up and went into the office of the commander in chief, Washington, who was studying a map of that part of Virginia bordering on the Atlantic, looked up at the young man entered.

"General," said the aid, "I am fearful of having committed an error."

"What is it, captain?" asked the general anxiously, seeing that Captain Stewart appeared to have something of importance on his mind.

"Janice Arbuckle has asked me for a pass for a friend of hers to go through the lines to New York. I have given it to her."

"Do you know who this friend of hers is?"

"I confess I do not, general."

Washington made no reply for a few moments. He appeared to be thinking.

"The Arbuckles are ardent Tories. It has occurred to me only today that their hospitality to me may be to cover some deep laid scheme to benefit our enemies. Go after this man and assure yourself that he may be safely trusted to go through."

"I will, general."

Captain Stewart hurriedly left the office of his command, and going to a stable near by, a horse was led out to him. The captain mounted and galloped down the main road leading to New York. He had reached a point not far north of Spurten Duvall creek, the northern boundary of Manhattan Island, when he overtook a citizen traveling along slowly. Stewart accepted him, asking him whether he was going.

"To New York," the man replied.

"Have you a permit to go through the Continental lines?" asked the captain.

"That I have," replied the pedestrian. "I have the pass of General Washington himself."

"Let me see it."

The man showed the pass Stewart had written and given to Janice Arbuckle but a short time before.

"This is indeed his excellency's pass," said Stewart, but I am instructed to see that no one passes our lines with any communication upon his person. I shall have to search you."

The man turned pale. "I have with me," he said, "only a letter from Mistress Janice Arbuckle to a friend in New York. You would not examine a lady's epistle, would you?"

Stewart felt a twinge of shame at distrusting the girl he loved. Had it not been for the change in the man's countenance on being asked for papers he might not have pursued the matter further. As it was and remembering his commander's instructions, he called for the letter.

The man hesitated. "As a man," he said, "I protest against being forced to show a letter committed to my care by a lady. Perchance you who make this demand may not belong among these chivalrous people who are above examining a lady's correspondence."

Had it not been for the influence Washington exerted even when not present the man would have prevented a fault from defacing the letter of a lady, and that lady the woman he loved.

"Come back with me," he said to the man, "and after referring the matter to the general in chief you may go on with it for all me. I am not personally interested in the correspondence of women."

The man looked about him, as if weighing the chances of a refusal. Then he said, with evident reluctance—indeed, there was a melancholy in his reply that did not appear in his words:

"I suppose I shall have to accompany you, sir, though it will delay me in my journey, and I hoped to be in the city before dark."

Captain Stewart marched the man before him, keeping a watch upon him the while. On passing through a thicket that lined the road on either side the prisoner—for he was nothing else—being for a moment screened from Stewart, threw the letter into some bushes. The captain caught sight of it just before it fell and, riding to it, dismounted, found it and put it in his pocket.

All doubt that something was wrong had now vanished. Coming to some vegetables, Stewart called to them to take charge of the prisoner and bring him to Washington's headquarters, while he rode on. In a short while he was in the general's private office.

"There, general," he said, throwing down the letter. "I fear it contains something of moment destined for our enemies."

Washington looked at the tiny missive, read the address—"To Mistress Sarah Scudger, on the Bowling Green, City of New York"—written in a woman's hand, and all the instincts of a gentleman rose up within him against opening it. But after an account of what had occurred after Stewart overtook its bearer he broke the seal without further ado. The letter contained a summary of the disposition being made for the coming Yorktown campaign and information that such campaign was soon to be inaugurated.

Composed as was the commander's nature, a slight tinge of pallor came over his face. It was some time before he spoke.

"Captain," he said presently, "bring Janice Arbuckle to me."

Stewart went out and Janice returned with him just as the bearer of the letter was marched into the general's office.

"Miss Arbuckle," said the general, "from whom did you get the information contained in this letter?"

"I decline to tell your excellency."

"Who is this man?" pointing to the prisoner.

"I decline to tell your excellency."

"I will tell who I am," said the man. "It shall not be said that I screened myself behind a woman's skirts. I am Lieutenant Birkenhead, of his majesty's foot, and am alone responsible for this attempt."

"He is not responsible for it," said Janice calmly. "He did not know what the letter contained. I wrote the general commanding to send some trusted person here since I desired to return a letter to New York and there was no conveyance."

"Enough!" said the general in chief. "The lady's word saves you, sir, from the halter."

The case of Major Andre was doubtless fresh in Washington's mind, and he was not disposed to enter upon another such case.

"Miss Arbuckle," continued the general, "I must ask your father to give his word that you will keep your room till I give you permission to leave it. You, sir, to the prisoner."

"I will be confined under careful watch in a military prison until the independence of the colonies is acknowledged by your sovereign. Captain Stewart, will you see that what I have ordered is carried out?"

Captain Stewart took the two to his office, where he banded Janice Arbuckle a chair and bade her wait his return. Then he dispatched the prisoner to the guardhouse, from which he was next day removed to more permanent quarters. Returning to Janice, he stood for a moment looking at her fixedly.

"Janice," he said presently, "tell me one thing—how did you become acquainted with this information you endeavored to impart to me?"

"The officers of our lawful king," she interrupted. "I will tell you. I was in this house not long ago sitting in a room separated from another by a thin door. I overheard the general dictating a dispatch covering the whole matter."

Stewart was silent for a moment. He was very much moved and was breathing heavily.

"I am surprised," he said at last, "that you should have told me a—"

"I told you nothing, except that the bearer of my letter did not know its contents. He did not."

"If you should give your word not to attempt further to communicate this matter to our enemies, would you consider it your duty to break it for your king?"

"Yes, I would."

"Then I shall take the responsibility of confining you under guard," he said, "and without the general's order. He has enough to attend to without attempting to muzzle a woman."

The next day Washington set out for Virginia. Stewart went with him, but before departing he directed that Janice Arbuckle be confined in her room at her father's house, with a guard at the door and under the window. The situation for her remained unchanged till the surrender of Cornwallis, when Captain Stewart returned to Dobbs Ferry and himself set her free.

As she stepped out of her prison chamber the captain asked her to be his wife.

In reply she made a "face" at him. Nevertheless, a few months later she married him, Washington granting the ceremony with his presence.

Tubby's Dummy

How an American Met an
Attack of Head Hunters.

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

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Association.

Tubby Hicks paused in his labored progress along the path which led from the Luzon power plant, through the fruit laden longbow bushes to his neat little shack upon an abra hillside, and as he mopped the sweat from his triple bleached forehead he gave a low whistle of surprise, for impaled upon a bamboo stake at the turn of the path and on a level with his own eyes was the head of an Ilocano, its cockmarked face looking straight into his with a comical leer. "Humph—did it at one lick," he commented wheezingly as he noted the neat way in which the neck had been severed.

First peering cautiously about him, he hastily wrenched the head from the stake, tucked it under the flap of his wide-brimmed coat, sauntered on toward home and, wrapping the head in several layers of the Manila Times, he carefully concealed it in the bottom of his trunk.

That evening Tubby, to Sebastian's unbounded surprise, permitted the muchacho to leave an hour earlier than usual and, when the streaming tail of his canvas had vanished round the turn of the path, took possession of the smoke incensed kitchen with its half dozen primitive clay stoves imbedded in a long trough of ash. When he had kindled a fire in one of these (the pungent smoke made him sneeze and splutter and authenticate Filipino kitchens in general) he filled with water the largest bell-shaped jar among Sebastian's sooty pots and, fetching out the mysterious head, dropped it in.

By boiling and rubbing he produced a skull which he stowed once more in the bottom of his trunk and retired to rest under a strictly first class mosquito bar upon a wide and very comfortable old Spanish bed that had cost him 25 pesos.

Somewhat overcast from such unusual exertions, Tubby shifted his bulky form from time to time all over the wide cane woven bottom of the old family canna in a vain search for the coolest spot. And as he puffed and squirmed ponderously about like a stranded grampus he reviewed the situation. "Dead hunters, hey?" Another squirm. "Didn't like the way I turned the river aside from their cluster of vile shacks, so they're giving me formal notice to ramosce. Well, it's kind and considerate of 'em, all right, but I guess I like the abra climate better than Manila, even if it is a bit hot—another shift under the bed-creek—up here this time of year. Let's see; they're due tomorrow night." And Tubby drew in a long, fishlike gasp as certain possibilities were visualized with startling clearness.

As electrician at the Luzon power plant Tubby was the only white man that side of Vigan, twenty miles away, the force under him consisting wholly of Ilocanos. Of course he could telephone to Captain Alken for a detachment of constabulary to come up and protect him, but the thought of the way the boys would guy him when he went back to Manila rendered such an alternative impossible.

The following morning Tubby made glad the heart of the cook—recently saddened by the large amount of carefully prepared wood that had disappeared from the kitchen during the night—by giving him and the muchacho a holiday, as he was going into the hills to hunt deer, he declared. That the fat senior ever hunted deer was news to them, but they kept their perplexities to themselves and hastened to the cockpit in the village, which the lazy presidents permitted to be kept open on week days in violation of the new law of the "Loco Americanos" against the heavenly sport at any time except on Sundays and feast days.

The servants, gone, Tubby slipped the heavy wooden bar across the door, closed the sliding bamboo windows and in the subdued twilight of the shack brought out the skull and set to work. With a pillow under his knees to protect them from the hard bamboo slats of which the floor was constructed, he labored over the skull of that obscure and departed Ilocano with as much thought and care as he would have bestowed upon the installation of a new dynamo. Chisels, mallets, wires big and little, solder and a soldering pot, white paper, a can of kerosene oil, a gimlet, to say nothing of heaps of clothing, littered the floor till noon, when, with a satisfied chuckle, the streaming electrician replaced the skull in the trunk, stood a bulky something in the dark interior of the "aparador," or big movable closet, and then opened the windows to the blessed breeze that chanced to be blowing down from the hills.

When he had taken a shower bath from the cask that he had rigged up over the porch he drew up a bottle from the deep well in which he always kept a supply "on ice," as he phrased it in loving reminiscence, lunched on crackers and mangoes and then started for the plant. With him he took his fieldglasses and carefully stuffed the distant hills as he proceeded. "Humph—they're filling through the pass there from Bontoc now," he commented after a long look through the glasses at a gash in the distant mountains. "Well, I hope they enjoy their

reception," he concluded with a fat chuckle, swinging the glasses over his thick shoulder and waddling on.

When Tubby threw the stub of his seventh Doc Hermanos cigar out of the window that night and put aside a back number of the Arcoy it was only 10 o'clock, nearly two hours earlier than it was his custom to retire. Although it was a hot night, he closed the windows carefully, switched off all but one of the electric lights that he had installed on a wire from the power house and then brought forth from the capacious closet a bulky dummy dressed in a suit of his own pink pajamas and placed it in a sitting posture in the middle of the bed. Opening the trunk, he brought out the skull and after fifteen minutes tinkering had it secure upon the shoulders of the effigy.

With a wry face, he then made down a bed in the farther corner behind the closet, where the door, chanced to be made of boards and not of openwork slats through which a spear could easily be thrust. Then he opened wide the bamboo windows and, contrary to his custom, the door, switched off the remaining light and, after a glance into the moonless night through the algerona trees aglow with fireflies, lay down with a groan of protest upon his hard bed, casting a longing look at the dim outlines of the more comfortable one occupied by his alter ego, as he dryly phrased it.

Tubby Hicks was never known to have a case of "nerves" in all his happy life, and the nature of insomnia was quite unknown to him, except as he had observed it in some of his less fortunate fellow mortals. Tonight, however, the usually imperturbable electrician was as wide awake as a cat. For obvious reasons he dare not smoke; he even dare not roll about in search of a soft spot because of the horrible row the groaning boards made. So he lay upon his aching back and listened to the big boards that accented over the ceiling and "loku-d" in raucous voices as if deriding his misery.

A clammy thing fell with a smart spat upon his face, and he almost screamed like a schoolgirl, but as the horrible something scrambled away over the wide dome of his stomach he realized that it was only a ten inch lizard that had missed its footing as it trickled about a rather. Then a pig came nosing about under the kitchen for papaya rinds and, outspiking the sound for something very different, his heart began to thump ominously. Scarcely had the pig revealed its identity by a satisfied grunt when a party of rattlesnakes began to dance a ragtime upon the bamboo matting overhead.

But what was that? Tubby opened his mouth and held his breath in an effort to determine. Yes, it surely was the sound of stealthy bare feet upon the bamboo slats of the open platform outside the door. And there, vaguely outlined against the sky, was a dark form rising noiselessly above the window cap. Listen! The faint but unmistakable sound of a spear in the cracks of the bamboo door under his bed came to him and sent a cold shiver down his spine. Now a dark figure was balancing on the window ledge, spear in hand, and some one was standing in the doorway. Now a half dozen heads were visible at the window to the right of the bed, a villanous forked shield showing between two of them. A hand clutching a poised spear rose stealthily in the doorway—and then Tubby pressed the button.

At the magic touch a skull with eyes sockets, nose and mouth adme appeared upon the shoulders of a portly form in pink pajamas under the mosquito netting, the horrible thing leering at its surroundings in a way that gave even Tubby a thrill. For a moment there was silence nothing short of abysmal, and Tubby noted a score of black eyes bulging with terror from under shaggy manes of hair. With the ghost of a chuckle Tubby pulled a string which released a spring, and the fearful thing under the netting leaped up, the three dozen sixteen candle power lights inside of it that the movement switched on making it glow like a fiery demon from the nether world.

And then Tubby had the surprise of his life. Instead of springing through the windows in a general stampede, the Igorrotes prostrated themselves before the pink glowing god, sending up a chorus of deep guttural groans. One gaunt old savage flopped down so close to Tubby that his feet pressed the luckless electrician's stomach; but the old heathen was so taken up with the newfangled god that he had little surplus thought to bestow upon his tropical extremities.

Then a brilliant idea seized Tubby. Rolling cautiously over, he switched off the current, and the hectic god rapidly faded into blackness. For one long moment Tubby heard nothing but the deep breathing of the dark forms about him, while he held his own breath; then a wandering zephyr strayed in through the nearest window, fanning the bald spot on his cranium, and he sneezed. Promptly a band came groping in his direction, and in his eagerness to see it he again jabbed at the button and switched on the current.

An apoplectic grunt from the leathery old monster at the other end of the hand brought every head hunter in the room to his feet, his spear poised in a way that made the genial joker in the corner shiver. For a moment Tubby looked death straight between the eyes; then, with an agility of which he had never dreamed himself capable, he sprang to the bed, slipped under the mosquito netting and, clasping the glowing god in an ardent embrace, stood safe from all danger except that of being roasted alive before daylight brought the presidents and relief.

Through a Telescope

A Tragedy in the Alps That
Was Seen by One Who Kept
His Own Counsel.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

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Association.

If you go to Interlaken it is quite possible you may see the man who told me this story. You will find him standing almost any day when the atmosphere is transparent and the glorious Jungfrau looms up beautifully in a notch between two of the foothills, standing beside the main street of the town, showing the mountain through his telescope to tourists at half a franc a "look." I do not mean to say that he put the facts at the bottom of his yarn together as a story. Nevertheless they are a story, and it is my part to arrange them in proper form. Here it is, as he told it to me, with certain transpositions of mine necessary to its ready understanding.

One day a few summers ago I was standing here showing people the mountain when a party came along, consisting of a young girl and two young men. The girl and one of the young men were Americans. The other young man, I judged from his accent, was French. The American man was a quiet, steady looking fellow. The Frenchman was handsome, with all the vivacity of the French people, while the girl was one of our American beauties. The names of all three I never learned, and I shall never forget them. The American man was Archibald Wallace; the Frenchman was Jean Le Verlan; the girl was Alice Clark.

"Oh, there is a telescope!" exclaimed Miss Clark as she approached me. "Do let's have a look."

With her American impulse she put her eye to the eyepiece, while I made the adjustments.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said enthusiastically. "What beautiful slopes! What awful gulfs! But it is fascinating. I'm crazy to go up there."

The very next afternoon I was standing here, as usual, waiting for people to come along and pay me for a look through my telescope, when, seeing a mass of snow on the mountain, beginning to move, I put my eye to the glass. After witnessing an avalanche turning the glass about over the mountain I saw three figures, two men and a woman, not far above the snow line. My glass did not reveal their features, but I suspected they were the party who had been with me the day before.

I watched them for some time. After awhile I saw one of the men stroll away around a snow covered rock, where he was screened from the others, and look over a cliff. Then he went part of the way back and, I fancied, called—of course I could not hear him—to the other man, for the latter went around the rock and joined him, and the two stood on the edge of the cliff together looking over. Suddenly I saw one figure behind the other and the front one fell over the cliff.

There was a steep incline at the cliff's base of hard snow. The moment the figure that had fallen struck this snow I saw him glance, then stoop down on the surface. He passed behind a peak, and when he again appeared I saw him still sliding. "Then he slid around a bend and disappeared." As soon as I was convinced that I should not see him again I turned my glass back to the other figure. He was running toward the woman. When he reached her there was a pantomime which indicated he was telling her that the other man had fallen over the cliff. But I knew very well that he had pushed his friend—or enemy, as the case might be—over. While I could not distinguish the woman's features, I knew by her motions that she was terribly moved by the tragedy. She went with the remaining man to the cliff, and the two seemed to be looking down at its base to see if they could get a glimpse of their companion. Then they turned away and descended the mountain.

I was satisfied that one of the men had pushed the other over the cliff and that they were Wallace and Le Verlan, though I could not tell which was the victim. I knew full well that the matter would soon be reported and resolved to keep my own counsel, curious to know in what form the tragedy would be made known.

The same night I heard that a terrible accident had happened to a young American stopping at the J. hotel. I went there and got the story from the concierge. He said that while a Mr. Wallace, an American, was looking over a cliff a crust of snow had fallen under his feet and he had fallen 100 feet to the bottom. He had doubtless been killed. A party was being made up to go the next day to look for his body.

Making further inquiries, I learned that he had gone up the mountain side with a Jean Le Verlan, a Parisian, and a Miss Clark of Philadelphia. While I was permitting people to tell me about what I knew much more than they, Le Verlan passed me. He looked very somber, as one might be expected to appear who had witnessed the tragedy, he had reported. I tried to detect the look of a villain in his face, but failed. Either he was not guilty, as I supposed, or he carried the consciousness of his guilt so well that it would not betray him.

The next morning I joined the party that set out to find Wallace's body, my object being to follow, if possible, the

route he would be forced over and to determine whether he could have escaped with his life. Having reached the bottom of the cliff, the party was surprised to find no traces of the body, and we all followed the incline to the point where it had disappeared from my view. A short distance beyond this there was a fork in the possible route, one branch leading to a gradual rise, upon attaining which he would have been stopped; the other leading to the edge of a crevasse into which he would have fallen to an unknown depth.

Every member of the party agreed that Wallace must have slid into the crevasse. As for me, I said nothing, thinking the chances either way were even. We returned to Interlaken, and the party reported the result of their investigations, with the opinion that the body, being in the crevasse, could not easily be recovered. I resolved to wait developments. If Wallace had escaped we should hear from him within a reasonable time.

A few days later an old gentleman came up to me while I was standing beside my telescope and asked me if the place from which the American had fallen was visible from where we stood. I assured him that it was and directed my telescope toward it. He put his eye to the glass and since it was in the center of the field of view seemed to recognize it at once.

"If any one had been looking through your glass at the time the accident occurred, would he have seen it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Can figures and faces be distinguished up there through your telescope so as to know them?"

"Not surely."

"Could you see an act in which two figures were involved?"

"Not very clearly."

Something in the man's voice was familiar to me. As he turned and faced me I saw that he was "made up," as the theatrical people say. Then something suddenly burst upon me. Was it a drop of one shoulder? Was it the interest he had manifested in the tragedy? I could not tell, but I knew the old man was young Wallace disguised.

"I was looking through my glass," I said, "when that tragedy occurred. I felt a grip on my arm, and the man was fairly glaring at me."

"Were you? What did you see?" he said, trying to master his emotion.

I told him what I had seen as I have told it here. He would not permit me to leave out the slightest detail. When I had finished I added:

"You are Mr. Wallace, and you were pushed over that cliff. I saw enough to convince me that what I witnessed was an attempted murder. Now tell me of the man's motive."

He told me that Miss Clark was an American millionaire's daughter; that he had known her at home and they had recently become engaged. In Paris Le Verlan had been introduced to the girl, had joined the party with whom she was traveling and had been trying to win her. Doubtless recognizing that Wallace was the main obstacle in the way of getting her and her millions, he had attempted to put him out of the way.

Wallace had landed where I supposed he would land, being only shaken up by the glance he had made at the bottom of the cliff. Realizing that if he accused Le Verlan of trying to murder him he would have no evidence of the fact, he had disguised himself and returned with a view to watching his rival without being known to him. He had not yet made himself known to Miss Clark, being desirous to discover how she felt toward his would be murderer. From what he had observed he feared that Le Verlan was making some headway in his suit, but could not tell. His fiancée had been apparently much shocked.

Having learned that I would be able to testify, Mr. Wallace resolved to make himself known to Le Verlan and Miss Clark. He came to see me the next day and described the scene as it occurred at the J. hotel. He had taken a private parlor and sent a message to Le Verlan and Miss Clark that if they would come to the apartment they would learn something of George Wallace.

They came, the girl looking hopefully anxious, the man very much agitated. Wallace, who was dressed as an old man, threw off his disguise and stood before them as himself. The girl started toward him with a cry and fell in a swoon in his arms. The man stood looking like a serpent about to strike a fatal blow for life.

Wallace put out his hand and touched a bell. Le Verlan stood trembling like a leaf. A waiter entered, and Wallace told him to call the proprietor. He came, and Wallace declared himself to be the missing American and denounced Le Verlan as his would be murderer.

At that moment Miss Clark came to herself and heard his accusation. I never learned what became of Le Verlan. I heard nothing about a trial and inferred that Mr. Wallace and his fiancée shrank from prosecuting him. But the next summer while I was showing the Jungfrau to some tourists I heard a familiar voice say:

"Can you show me the cliff from which Wallace, the American, fell?"

I turned. There stood Mr. Wallace himself with the American girl on his arm.

"Mrs. Wallace and I would like to see the place," he added.

But the lady shrank away with a shudder, and her husband failed to induce her to take even a glance.

Yes, I made something out of it. Wallace had given me money before he left Interlaken and gave me more when he returned. I invested it in some American securities he recommended.

STOPPED EATING.

Ide Kinney Enjoyed Seven Days of Fasting.

After eating nothing for exactly a week, Dr. Ide Kinney broke his fast Wednesday noon, feeling very much improved in health. During the first two days of his fast, he states, the hunger was very hard to endure, but after that he felt absolutely no hunger whatever.

During the time he has been fasting Mr. Kinney kept a careful diary of his feelings and condition, which makes very interesting reading. The following is his account of his fast.

Wednesday, June 8th. Began fasting at noon. A slight tinge of hunger felt at 7 p. m. Retired at 9:55, weight 155, temperature 98.

Thursday, got up at 5:30 a. m. Walked four miles to mother's farm and back. Hunger slight. Weighted at 9 a. m. 154 1/2. Slightly weak. Grew in stomach. Temperature 98. Pulse weak.

Friday. Got up at 5:30. Walked to farm. Feeling fine, hunger almost gone. Drank two glasses of water with lemon juice. Temperature 98. Pulse still weak at 7 p. m. Pretty weak. Drank lemon water at 8:30. Retired at 8:45. Did not sleep well. Weight 152 1/2.

Saturday up at 5:30. Walked to farm, returning 6:30. Legs rather tired. No desire for food. Weighted 151 1/2 at 7:30 p. m. Pulse weak. Temperature 98. At 9 p. m. Pulse getting stronger. Tonsils tender. Muscles of neck and shoulders have dull pain. 11 p. m. Hunger entirely gone. Legs tired from working on my feet all day.

Sunday. Got up at 5:30. Went to farm as usual. Left in office all day until 4 p. m. Went to farm again. Back at 6 p. m. Pulse strong. Temperature 98. Retired at 9:15.

Monday. Up at 5:30. Went to farm. Weighted at 7:15 a. m. 147. Temperature 98. Retired 8:45, very tired from working all day.

Tuesday. Up at 5 a. m. Went to farm. Returned at 7:10, 8 a. m. Weighted 146. Felt very tired at 7 p. m. Retired at 8. Temperature 98. Pulse 72.

Wednesday. Got up at 5:20. Tongue almost clear red. Went to farm. Rather weak in lower limbs. Took dose of Horlick's Malted Milk to brace me up and to break my fast at 8 a. m., and another at noon. Three doses during afternoon. Temperature 97 1/2. Weight 144 1/2 at 7:30 a. m.

Thursday. Got up at 5. Felt stronger and finer. Taking malted milk and grape juice. Did not go to farm. 7:15 weighed 145, a gain of half a pound. Result of seven days fast: Chronic bronchial catarrh of seven years standing gone; chronic constipation gone; right nostril which had been closed for years, open; tobacco habit gone; dull pain in muscles of neck and shoulders which had bothered me for years entirely gone; feel I can play like a boy, sluggishness gone; eyeglasses discarded.

Dr. Kinney states that if anyone is tempted to imitate his stunt, he should be very careful when breaking his fast not to do it too suddenly.—Port Allegany Argus.

Automobile.

In first class condition for sale cheap.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.

For Sale.

Just received a carload of Fertilizer.

Enquire of O. D. NOURSE, East Smethport.

Tomato plants for sale. J. L. OVIATT, Farmers Valley.

Notice to the Taxpayers of Keating Township.

I will be in the following places to receive road tax \$, 1910:

Farmers Valley, June 27.

Smethport, June 28.

Ormsby, June 29.

Simpson, June 30.

A. G. FARLEY, Collector.

A SNAKE STORY.

The Wonderful Old Time Serpent That Talked Like a Man.

In John Ashton's "Curious Creatures of Zoology" there is a quotation from "A Little Latin book printed at Vienna in the year 1531" which tells a most wonderful story. Ashton quotes as follows: "There was found in a mow or ryeck of corn almost as many snakes, adders and other serpents as there was about, so as no one thereof could be removed, but there presently appeared a heap of ugly and fierce serpents. The country men then dived to set fire upon the barn and to attempt to do, but in vain, for the serpent would take no fire, although they laboured with all their wits and policy to burn them up."

"At last there appeared unto them at the top of the heap a huge great serpent, which lifted up his head and spake with a man's voice to the country men, saying, 'Cease to prosecute your device, for you shall not be able to accomplish our burning, for we were not bred by nature, neither came we here of our own accord, but were sent by God to take vengeance on the sinners of men.'"

Ashton leaves us in the dark as to what the "country" men did, but it is natural to suppose that they surrendered at once.

THE MASTER SUN.

Sirius, the Dog Star, May Be the Center of Attraction.

Astronomers once believed that the entire starry universe revolved around a center of attraction, and the star named Alcyon in the group of the Pleiades, was selected by Maedler as marking that great center.

It has long been known, however, that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal center exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many of the stars seem to be moving in straight lines, some in one direction and some in another, and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines.

In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups or sets of stars which appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs we do not yet know, but De launay has presented reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured (that is to say, those which are nearest to us) group themselves around Sirius, the dog star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun.

If this be correct Sirius may possibly be the master sun of which our orb of day is a distant satellite.—Harper's Weekly.

GLYCERIN.

In Many Ways It is a Most Remarkable Substance.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonvolatilité qualities make it the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbox papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy; but these crystals being once melted, it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congelated state. If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

The Barbarous Suite.

Suttee, or the practice of immolating widows on their husband's funeral pyres in India, was first attacked by the British government in 1829. It was on Dec. 4 of that year that Lord William Bentinck carried a resolution in council by which all who abetted suttee were declared guilty of "culpable homicide." In the year 1817, 700 widows were burned alive in Bengal alone, but since the passing of the act the practice has entirely died out. Suttee was really a primitive rite, a survival from barbarous times, and not sanctioned by Hindooism; the passage in the Vedas supporting it being a willful mistranslation. But no previous generation had the courage to violate the British tradition of religious toleration. Lord William Bentinck also suppressed thuggism, which made strangling a religious rite to the goddess Kali.

An Ancient Tragedy.

A historical paper in Lord Montagu's collection in London tells of a strange tragedy "done in Holborn, a little before Christmas," several centuries ago: "A boy seven years old came up into a gentleman's chamber and prattled to him and drew his sword and flourished with it. The gentleman, being in bed, wondered to see the boy toss his blade so and said: 'So, good boy, thou hast done well. Put in the sword.' The boy, perceiving the gentleman rose and held him the scabbard, and the rude hand laid, thinking to breathe the sword, lustily chapt it into his body. Company were called. One offered to strike the child. 'Let him alone,' quoth the gentleman. 'God is just. This boy's father did I kill five years since and none knew. Now he hath revenged it.' And the gentleman died the second dressing."

His Apology.

Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively. Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him. Mrs. Minks (a few moments later)—Did he apologize? Mr. Minks—Yes. He said he was looking for his mother and thought at first that you were she.

In the Same Box.

Jack (emerging from a box)—By George, the rule is coming down all right. I'm soaked. Tom—Where is your umbrella? Jack—It's—It's what I am.—Boston Transcript.

Passimistic.

"What is an antiquarian, pa?" "A man who, not satisfied with his present troubles, is looking for some in the past."—New York Press.

The hearts of men are their books, events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.—Macaulay.

HIS ACCOMPLICE.

The Obliging Old Lady Who Helped the Struggling Boy.

When a kind old lady in walking along a north side residence street beheld a small boy struggling vainly to reach something between the gratings of a tall iron fence surrounding a paternal residence she paused to watch his operations. The object of his quest she discovered to be a handsome mechanical toy, an automobile that would run when wound up. The boy had a stick with which he was trying to pull the machine toward him, but as he could scarcely reach it the struggle was well-nigh hopeless.

"Let me try it," said the old lady. "My arm is longer than yours."

"Alright," replied the youngster, relinquishing the stick.

Getting down on her knees, the old lady, by dint of much stretching and careful manipulation, gradually worked the machine toward the fence and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little boy grasp it with eager fingers.

"Now," she said, "you must be more careful and not let it get away from you again."

"Go," said the boy, "it never got away from me, and it ain't going to either."

"Wh-wh-why," faltered the old lady, with the dawning of a horrible suspicion, "isn't it yours?"

"You bet it's mine now," said the kid, and away he scampered, leaving the good old lady alone with her conscience.—Atlanta Constitution.

DODGED THE DUELS.

Voltaire's Disastrous Attempts to Make De Rohan Fight.

Literary men in duelling times and countries have always been rather prone to get into trouble from which only a passage at arms could extricate them. Voltaire had at various turns a number of duels on his hands, but counted among them two which did not reach the expected climax.

One of these was his affair with the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, who goaded him to the point of fighting and then, instead of giving him the satisfaction, demanded, had him lured into a coach and soundly whipped with switches by some hirelings concealed there.

Voltaire, after trying in vain to induce one of his noble friends to back him in his further pursuit of his enemy, applied to the municipal authorities in these phrases: "I humbly represent that I have been brutally assaulted by the courageous Chevalier de Rohan, aided by six cutthroats, behind whom he was bravely posted. Ever since that time I have sought to restore not my honor, but his, a task too difficult."

As this phantasm failed to produce any effect, Voltaire hunted out the chevalier one evening at the theatre and lunged into his face there. Rohan at last consented to meet him, but contrived to let the news reach other members of the Rohan family, who had Voltaire arrested and thrown into the Bastille.—New York Post.

Private Property.

"If I had a dollar for every time a barber has asked me if I wanted that mole removed," remarked a man the other day after he left a tonsorial shop and was drawing his hand across a smooth shaven face, "I would go down to the office in the morning and tell the company to give my job to some one who really needed money, and then I would start on a long trip and just enjoy myself the rest of my days. Every time I strike a new barber he asks me, 'I want him to remove that mole, and I tell him I do not. As a rule, I can train a barber to four lessons not to ask the question, but a man can't always get the same lather peddler in a shop, and the question continues to come at me. As a matter of fact, I need that mole. If I wanted it removed I would not expect a barber to do it anyway. Why can't barbers refrain from asking the question? It isn't their mole. It's my mole. It's always been mine too.'—Detroit News.

The Spanish Moore.

When the people of the rest of Europe were little better than barbarians the Spanish Moors were in the midst of a splendid culture. As early as the tenth century this country was the source of learning for all Europe. Their libraries, schools, arts, sciences, luxurious refinements and all round material and intellectual advancement differentiated them from the rest of Europe as clearly as ancient Greece was from the peoples that surrounded it.

Rubbing It In.

Mrs. Proude—That Mrs. Guggenheimer makes me tired. Mr. Proude—Why so? Mrs. Proude—Why, this afternoon when I asked her in the presence of a number of strangers how she liked my new hat she said, "Just exactly as well as any I saw last season."

Mr. Proude—But I don't see anything criminal in that.

Mrs. Proude—You don't? Well, I do! It is a last season's hat.—Newark Star.

Personal.

The Pastor—It is very wrong, indeed, to profit by other people's mistakes. The Parishioner—Then you don't take a fee for marrying people, eh, parson?—Browning's Magazine.

Anticipating the Event.

"What was you askin' for the widder's bouquet, mam?" "Well—er—I thought ninnepence." "E's very ill, mum, I think I'll risk it."—London Tatler.

SIREN AND SONS.

Caruso always "sings up" while in the wings of the stage before going on to sing by spraying his throat and nostrils with an atomizer.

Matthew Teedy of Richmond Hill, Ont., who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, is the oldest postmaster, both in years and time of service, in Canada.

Napoleon Dronin, who was recently elected mayor of Quebec City, does not speak English, but in spite of this he polled a large percentage of the English vote. "He is a big wholesale grocer."

Louis E. Pierson, the head of the American Bankers' association, who is on the sunny side of forty, climbed up from the lowest round of the bank ladder. He began his banking career as a messenger.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has broad shoulders, but is a little less than the average height. In all things he is astute, and in the matter of alcoholic liquors he is and always has been a total abstainer.

Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, used to drive spikes on a section. Then he drove a locomotive over a division. After that, he started climbing the railroad ladder and did not stop until he reached the top.

Colonel Harvey Pasha, inspector in chief of the Egyptian police, is a Scotsman. He entered the Forty-second Highlanders in 1876, fought at Tel-el-Kebir and El Teb, joined the Egyptian service in 1884 and raised the corps known as "Harvey's Blacks." He has been chief of police both at Cairo and Alexandria.

Current Comment.

What's the matter with a back to the back yard vegetable garden movement?—Washington Post.

King George doesn't sound friendly to American ears, but we'll get used to it after awhile.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Churches should have press agents," says a New York preacher. Imagine a story about a parson losing his diamonds.—Detroit Free Press.

"Buttermilk is good for you," says Mistah Johnning, the champion pugilist. Yes, just see what it has done for Mistah Johnning's complexion.—Albany Press-Recorder.

A laundry to wash paper money has been invented. If a dollar comes back looking like a buzzaw what chance will a man have of buying a stein with a hampered ten dollar bill?—Buffalo Express.

Town Topics.

Milwaukee will not be a real city until the cross-town street car lines are established.—Milwaukee Free Press.

New York's subway has improved on its old straps, by putting in cast steel hangers with porcelain handles. But the public is expected to do its hanging in the same old style.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Buffalo common council has killed an anti-bathtub ordinance. In other words, of two evils—running the gantlet of the bath or that of wifely indignation—it chose the least.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Royal Box.

The present emperor of Japan, Mitsu Hito, represents a dynasty which claims to have existed since B. C. 600. The new queen of England is a woman of strong vitality, a picture of the healthy, active Englishwoman. She is a fine horsewoman and delights in outdoor life.

The shah of Persia possesses one of the finest bedchambers in existence. Its suit of furniture is manufactured from ivory and inlaid with gold and precious stones. The curtains and curtain hangings are of the finest Brussels net, interwoven with silk.

Science Siftings.

Scientists estimate that there may be 50,000,000 comets at large in the universe.

Without its atmosphere, which serves as a coverlet to protect it against the fearful cold of space, the surface of the earth would be frozen like that of the airless moon.

The British medical world is interested in a new thermometer, for which it is claimed that, for the first time, it makes it possible to register every fraction of a degree in the changing temperature of a patient.

The Sensitive Shaw.

Bernard Shaw says he is coming to America to be insulted. Now every body keeps still and don't acknowledge him.—Boston Herald.

Fears on the part of G. Bernard Shaw that he would be insulted if he came to this country indicate a rather exaggerated idea on his part of the prominence as a dire and desperate person.—Washington Star.

German Gleanings.

There are over 700 labor exchanges in Germany, and about 100,000 positions are filled every month.

It has been found that the wild grass occurring on sandy stretches in Germany is capable of furnishing an excellent grade of paper.

Every town of 20,000 inhabitants in Germany may have and smaller towns must have a so called industrial court for trying cases between employers and employees for wrongful dismissal and nonpayment of wages, etc.

Tonsorial and Marine.

"I noticed as I was coming into your shop," remarked the stranger in the barber's chair, "that your sign indicated that you were both a 'tonsorial' and 'marine' artist. Now, what in thunder do you mean to convey by that word 'marine'?"

"I wish to convey, sah," answered the razor wielder, speaking with an air of dignity that even President Taft seldom emulates—"I mean to convey, sah, that I am the champion expert for putting on de sea foam, sah."—Chicago News.

When Women Vote. With all their frills and laces. Of course we must have mirrors placed about the polling places.

And when it comes to five o'clock a blarney we must toss tea and lemon in the saucer.

The poll clerk he must bow polite. And show no trace of passion. The ballot must be put upon The very latest fashion.

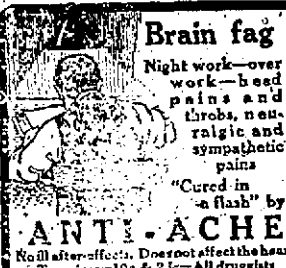
And when down to the polling place The fair ones go a-gadding. We really must improve, dear girls. That there shall be no "gadding."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Ruling Spirit. Husband (rushing into the room)—Come out, quick!

Wife—What's the matter? "The house is on fire, and we will be burned to death if we hesitate a moment. Run, run, for your life!" "Yes, I'll be out in a minute. I've got to tidy up the room a little so that it will look decent when the firemen get here."—Modern Society.

A Fisherman Bold. A fisherman bold from Catfish Town Stretched the fish tales till they went around.

And the smallest fish Where the waters swirl, Was a whale 'fore he got it to the dish. They teased him out on the waters dim, And a whale 'ris up to swallow him. But, no, sir-ee, Says the whale, says he, "He's a mouthful far too big for me!"—Atlanta Constitution.



Brain fog

Night work—over work—head pains and drows, neuralgic and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Keels after effects. Does not affect the heart. Two sizes—10c & 25c—All drug stores. Wayne Chemical Co., Clarksburg, Pa.

YOUR EASTER OUTFIT.

We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—in the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good "made-to-measure" is sold.

\$15 - \$20 - \$25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at \$5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth \$7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Easter Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to \$1.00.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA.

We have received a new line of Up-to-date

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Rings.

Also a fine line of Art, Brass Ware, I. A. Watch Repairing and Engraving.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers

The up-to-date Jeweler.

150 New Gold Fish

and aquariums at our store.

The Soda Fountain is equipped with the purest and best supplies.

Our own "Blue Ribbon" Ice Cream, Cigars, Candy, Magazines, Stationery, Perfumes, Score Cards, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store.

Wait For the Wagon

Every Tuesday and Saturday Or telephone 140 or 407, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.

Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.

Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.

C. F. Gleason

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All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed. PRICES RIGHT. OVER 15 YEARS OFFICE ADDRESS 1 CHURCH ST. EXPERIENCE.

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WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHEERBURN, Prop.
P. L. SHEERBURN, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES MCGUIRE, Prop.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. FURTELL, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its appointments. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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Lath and Shingles
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Every Tuesday and Saturday Or telephone 140 or 407, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.

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